



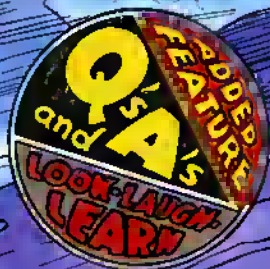
JANUARY

TARGET

COMICS

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VOL. 5 NO. 7

JRH

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TARGET HITS AND MISSES



Editors' Page

The Editors Write:

Say, Fellows and Girls:

We've been hearing a lot about youngsters who are so anxious to help during this war that they pop out of high school to work in the war plants. Now it's perfectly true that help is always welcome and in many towns it's sorely needed, but really, gang, your place is in school. By studying now you'll insure a successful and happy future for yourselves. There are dozens of men and women for the lesser jobs simply because they either didn't get the chance to study or else threw it away. It's all very well for you to chuck your books and pencils to get some money in your jeans, but in the dim and distant future you'll be very sorry you haven't that extra bit of learning that would insure a better job and a more successful career.

Those of you who stay put now and study as hard as you know how will be the ones who'll hold down the responsible positions later on. You'll be the ones to say "yes" and "no" to the renegades who are coining it now at the expense of their education. Remember, education is a marvelous key to happy living because knowledge—the right kind of knowledge—is power. So worry less about the bankbook and more about the textbook and really dig in and do a good job.

Oops! Almost forgot! We're still getting letters galore about more girls in TARGET. You know, fellows, we have to listen to the gals once in a while. How about it??

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

That letter of Irvine Ligon really tickled us Marines who read TARGET COMICS. No fooling it is a very popular mag with all of us. The reason I am writing this is to ask you to send our appreciation to Irvine. He really does his all for the war effort, for helping the Red Cross is helping us, too. Don't forget that. Tell him I would like to hear from the "Junior Marines." My home is in Cumberland, Maryland. In fact, we are neighbors. Thanks and good reading. As ever,

Pfc. George E. Gormer
Co. A, 5th Pioneer Br.
5th Marine Div.,
Camp Pendleton
Oceanside, California

Thanks for your swell letter, Pfc. Gormer. Our guess is that when Irvine starts thumbing through this issue of TARGET, he'll spot your letter and write you immediately.

Dear Editors:

TARGET COMICS is about the most perfect comic book I've read. There's such a variety of characters and stories.

The Cadet and the Chameleon are my favorites and I'm glad you don't have any superhuman marvels in your book.

I have just one suggestion to make. Why not have more girls in TARGET?

A faithful reader,
Anne O'well
Augusta, Ga.

We keep away from "any superhuman marvels" in TARGET as much as possible, Anne.

Dear Editors:

I've only a few criticisms of TARGET such as why does the Cadet always start things and is the leader of everything? The Chameleon could be more exciting and a little more involved with gangsters. The Target and Targeters; Candid Charlie and Dan'l Flannel are all very interesting.

TARGET COMICS is one of my favorite magazines.

Yours truly
Patricia McSweeney
Norwich, Conn.

We're glad TARGET is one of your favorites, Patricia, and we'll think about your worthy criticisms.

Dear Editors:

I have just finished the last issue of TARGET and I really enjoyed it. I agree with Jerry Fisher that TARGET COMICS should not have any girl features because right now it's the best comic book out.

My favorite features are Speck, Spot and Sis; The Cadet; Targeters and Dan'l Flannel. Please cut down on the supernatural stuff. I am waiting for the next issue of TARGET COMICS.

A true friend,
Lester Probst
New York City

There's that girl question again! Always popping up, it seems.

* * *

Dear Editors:

Summing up the last issue of TARGET COMICS I find that it isn't much better than the average comic. It used to be excellent. Speck, Spot and Sis; The Cadet; Candid Charlie and Dan'l Flannel are still good. The Target and Targeters could be improved by putting them in a story where they match wits with someone who is as smart as they are, and as strong. The Chameleon was much better when he changed his lace around and was with Raggy.

I agree with Jerry Fisher that TARGET is no place for a girl!!

A faithful reader,
Bernard Bregman
East Orange, N. J.

Maybe this issue of TARGET will restore your faith in our comic, Bernard.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I am a freshman in college and I can readily understand the trouble Kit Carter and his pals get into.

Some people think you are childish reading comic books, but I differ. I think they are an excellent form of entertainment and some are educational.

I like TARGET COMICS because it is so life-like and has no supernatural, fantastic or unreal strips.

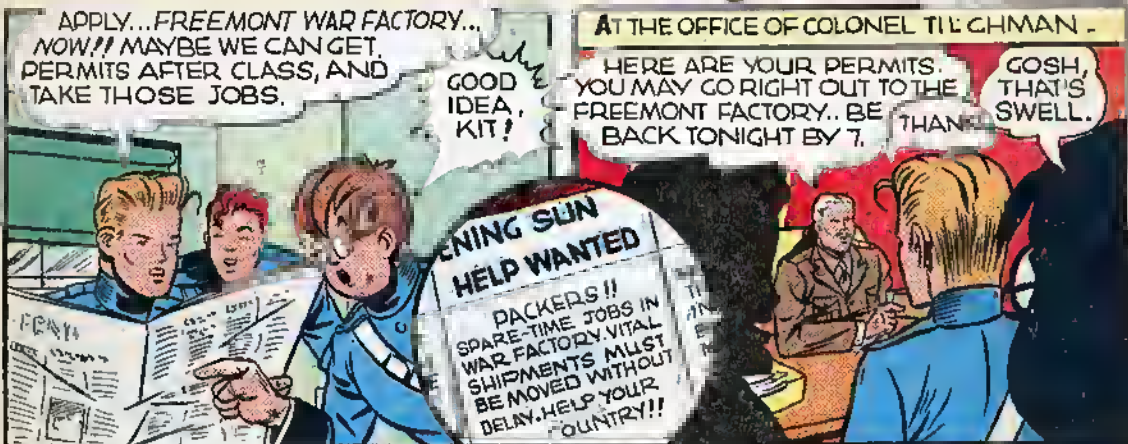
A TARGET fan,
Carl Oscar Graves
Jonesboro, Arkansas

Thanks, Carl. We're glad TARGET is tops with you.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 111 West 19th St., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 in War Stamps will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

A 25c War Stamp will be sent if a portion of a letter is used.



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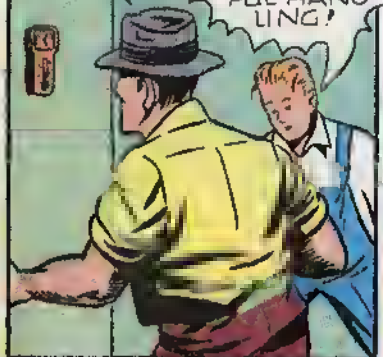
A HALF HOUR LATER, IN THE FACTORY...

I'M FOREMAN HERE. MY NAME'S MARSHALL... THE JOB YOU'RE TO DO REQUIRES SPECIAL HANDLING... I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT YOU'RE TO PACK.



HEAT AND HUMIDITY WILL RUIN IT. THAT'S WHY WE KEEP THIS ROOM TEMPERATURE 60° AT ALL TIMES. ANYTHING WARMER WILL BREAK THE DELICATE MECHANISM.

THAT GAL SURE NEEDS CAREFUL HANDLING!



ONCE IT'S PACKED SEAL-TIGHT IN THE CARTON, THE DANGER IS PASSED. YOUR JOB IS TO DO THE PACKING...

YOU BET! AND WE'LL KEEP AN EYE ON THAT THERMOSTAT.



IT'S THIS INSTRUMENT. THE GIBSON GIRL, VITAL TO A FLIER IF HE IS FORCED DOWN BECAUSE IT'S HIS S.O.S. SIGNAL MACHINE. BUT, ITS WORKMANSHIP IS SO DELICATE THAT IT WILL LOSE ITS EFFECT IF NOT PACKED UNDER PROPER CONDITIONS.



THAT'S HARDLY NECESSARY, BOYS. THERE'S NO REASON FOR THE THERMOSTAT TO CHANGE EVEN ONE TWENTIETH OF A DEGREE. IT'S BEEN SET AUTOMATICALLY... O.K., GET TO WORK!



BY NIGHT FALL...

WE'VE PACKED ABOUT 50 CARTONS.

IT'S 6:30. WE'LL HAVE TO KNOCK OFF AND GET BACK TO DALINTON.

A LOT OF THESE CARTONS AREN'T SEALED YET.

GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT TO LEAVE THEM.

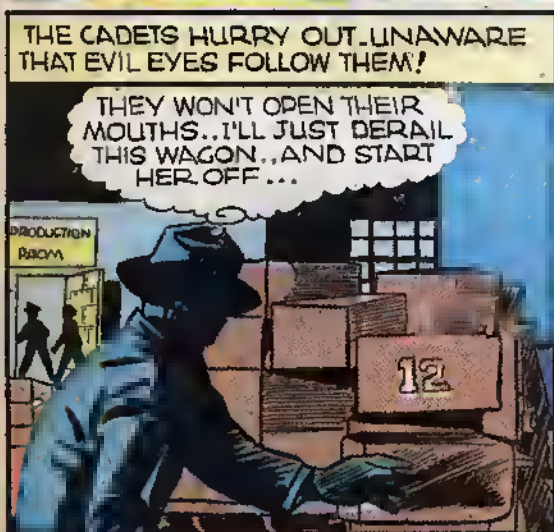
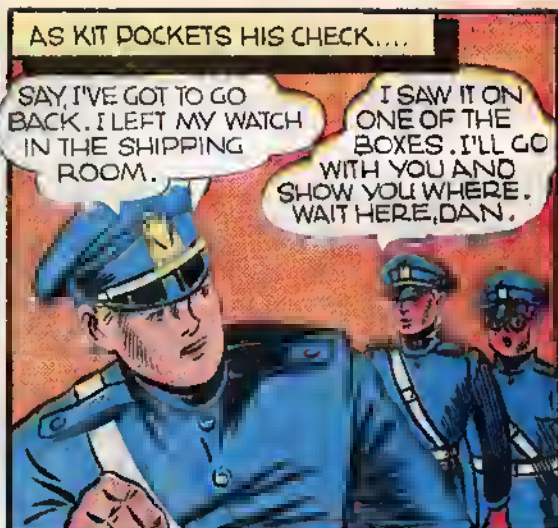
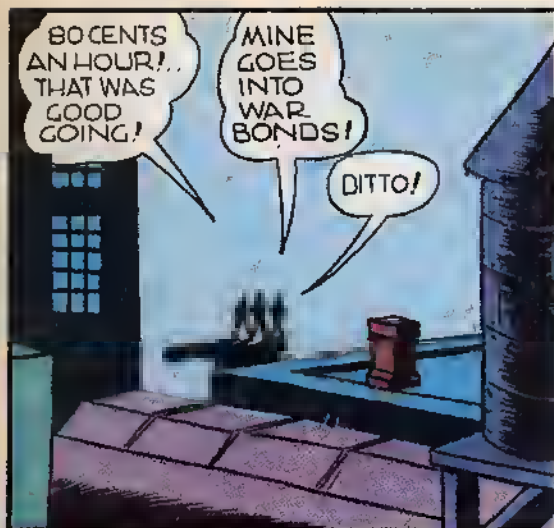


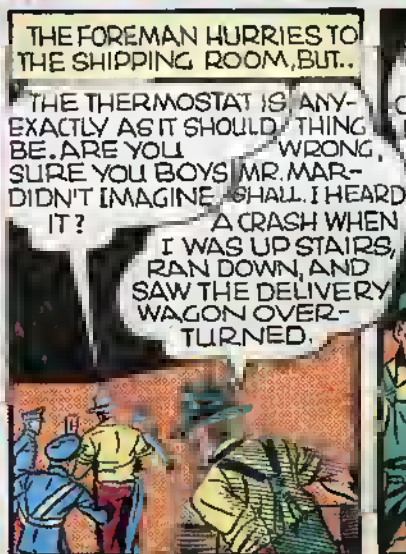
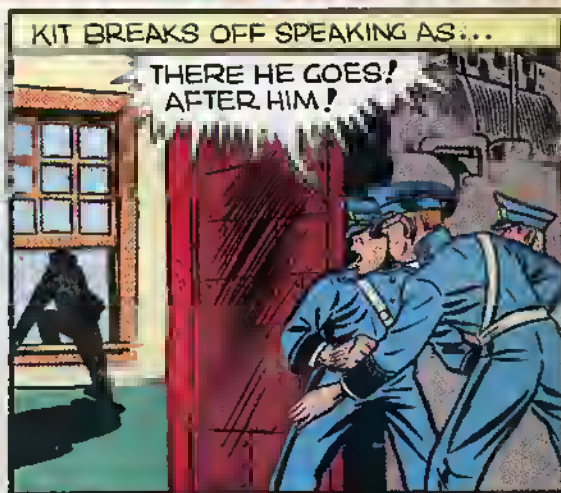
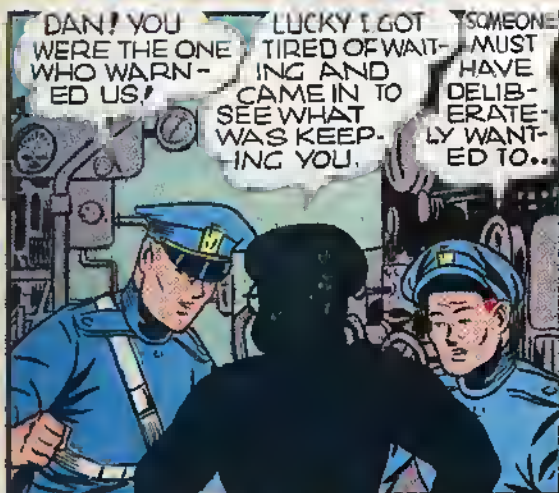
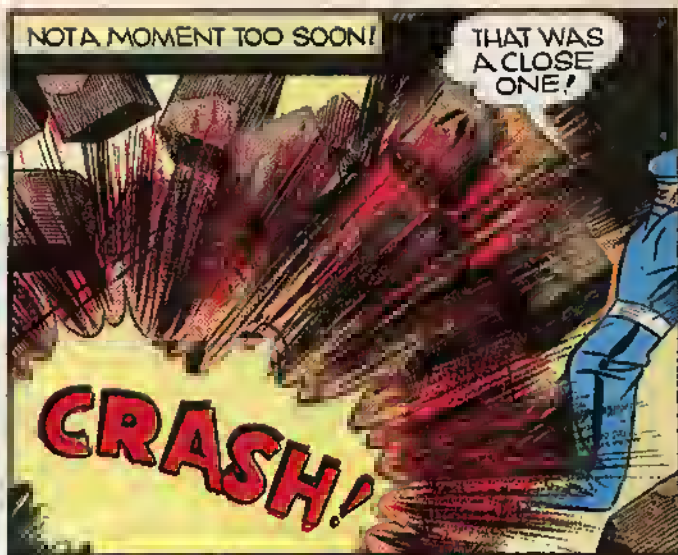
IN THE FOREMAN'S OFFICE...

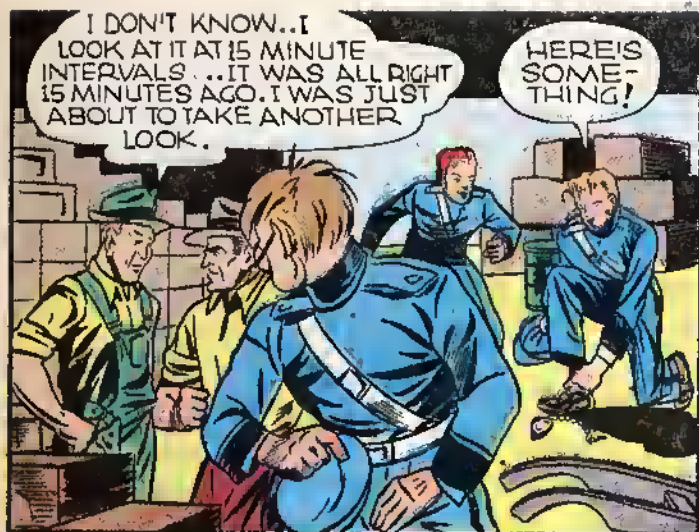
I'M EXPECTING SOME NEW PACKERS IN TOMORROW... THEY'LL FINISH UP YOUR WORK. PICK UP YOUR PAYCHECKS, BOYS.

PAY?... AND WE THOUGHT WE WERE VOLUNTEERING!









I DON'T KNOW..I
LOOK AT IT AT 15 MINUTE
INTERVALS...IT WAS ALL RIGHT
15 MINUTES AGO.I WAS JUST
ABOUT TO TAKE ANOTHER
LOOK.

HERE'S
SOME-
THING!

I JUST FOUND MY WATCH
I LEFT HERE..THE CRYSTAL
IS ALL CLOUDED..IT'S
ALWAYS AFFECTED THAT WAY
IN VERY WARM TEMPERA-
TURE..THE HEAT MUST HAVE
GONE DOWN A MINUTE
AGO.



THAT SETTLES
IT..THIS..PLUS THE
WAGON CRASHING...
I'M TAKING ACTION
AT ONCE.



OPERATOR, GET
ME F.B.I. FIELD
OFFICE..AND HURRY,
PLEASE.

MARSHALL EXPLAINS THE CASE

..AND YOU'LL START AN IM-
MEDIATE INVESTIGATION?...FINE!
..YES,I'M PHONING FROM MY
OFFICE ON MY PRIVATE PHONE,
SPRING-2267. SHOULD YOU
WANT TO CALL ME BACK.



THE F.B.I. WON'T LOSE A MINUTE...
THANKS,BOYS, FOR BEING
ON THE
ALERT.

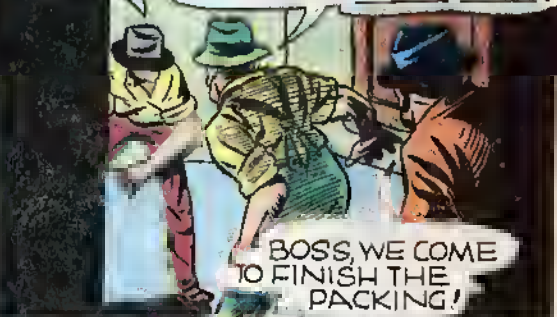
WE'D
BETTER GET
BACK TO DALTON
NOW.

AS SOON
AS THE
CADETS
LEAVE...

THOSE
PUNKS!

HA-HA-WE SURE PUT IT
OVER ON

THEY CAN'T GUESS
THAT YOU CALLED THE
F.B.I. ON A DUMMY PHONE!



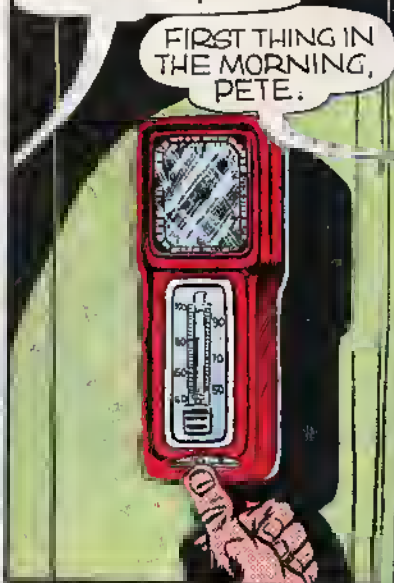
BOSS, WE COME
TO FINISH THE
PACKING!

GOOD! WE'LL HAVE THOSE SHIPMENTS ON THE WAY BY MORNING. THOSE GIBSON GIRLS WILL NEVER RESCUE ANY AMERICAN AVIATORS! PLENTY OF PILOTS WILL BE LOST—SOME OF THE BEST!



I'LL HELP WRECK ALLIED MORALE, TOO!

MY PART IN THIS JOB'S DONE NOW. WHEN DO I GET MY PAY-OFF, BOSS?



FIRST THING IN THE MORNING, PETE.

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING—AT DALINTON...

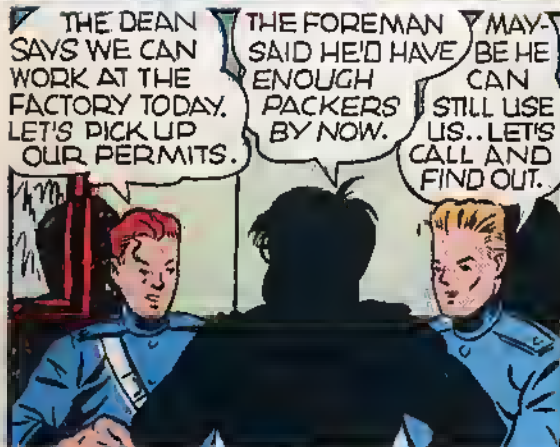
GOSH, I WONDER HOW THINGS ARE GOING AT THE FACTORY.

DO YOU SUPPOSE THE F.B.I. HAVE CRACKED THE CASE ALREADY?



THE DEAN SAYS WE CAN WORK AT THE FACTORY TODAY. LET'S PICK UP OUR PERMITS.

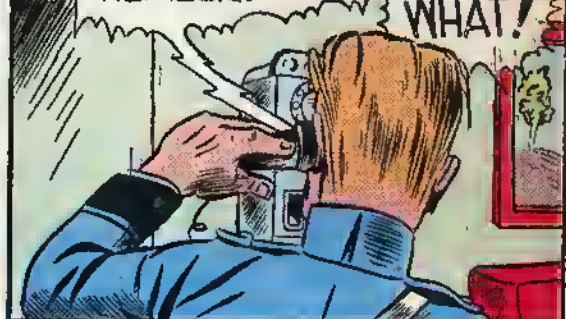
THE FOREMAN SAID HE'D HAVE ENOUGH PACKERS BY NOW.



MAYBE HE CAN STILL USE US... LET'S CALL AND FIND OUT.

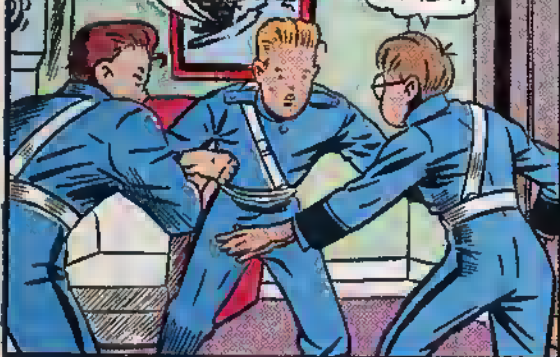
KIT DIALS SPRING 2267, AND...

THERE'S NO TELEPHONE LISTED UNDER SUCH A NUMBER.



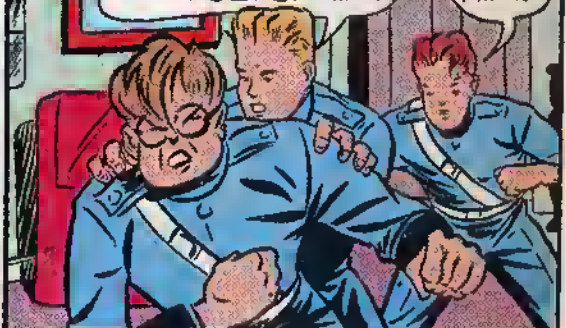
PRIVATE PHONE, MY EYE!... THAT FOREMAN TRICKED US!... HE'S ONE OF THE SABOTEURS!

WOW! THAT'S AWFUL!... WE'VE GOT TO NAIL HIM—AND FAST!

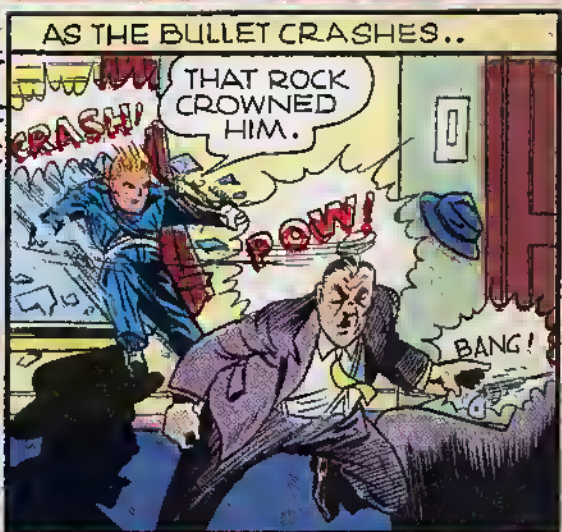
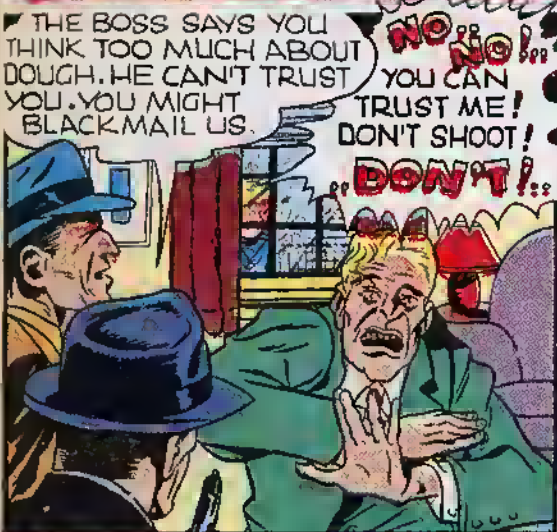
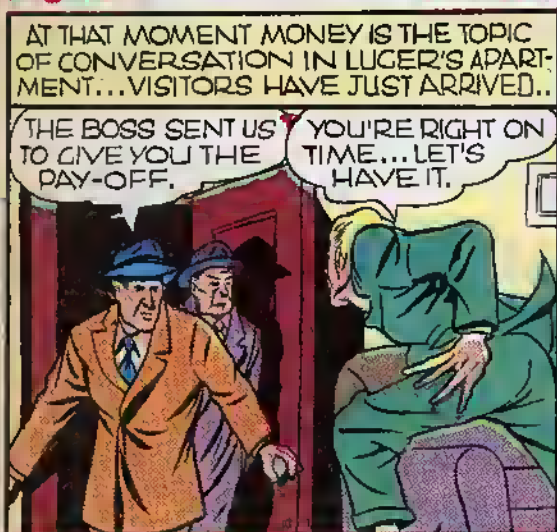
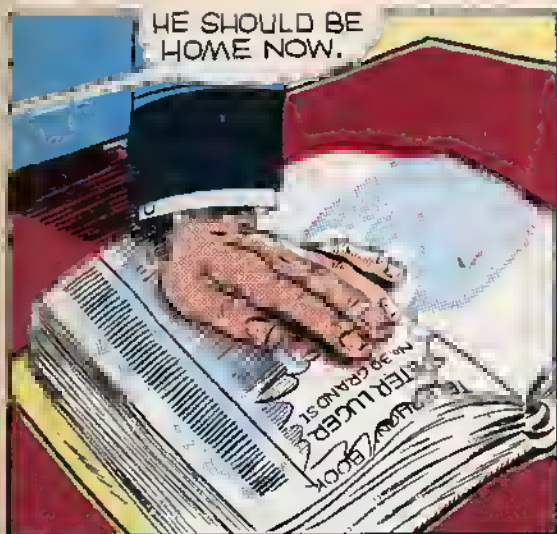


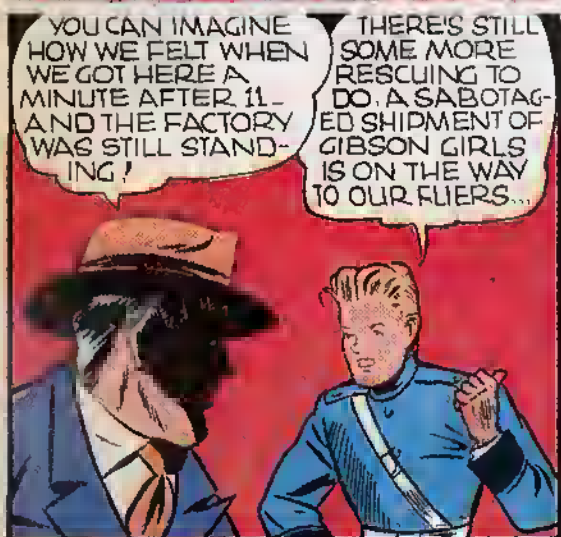
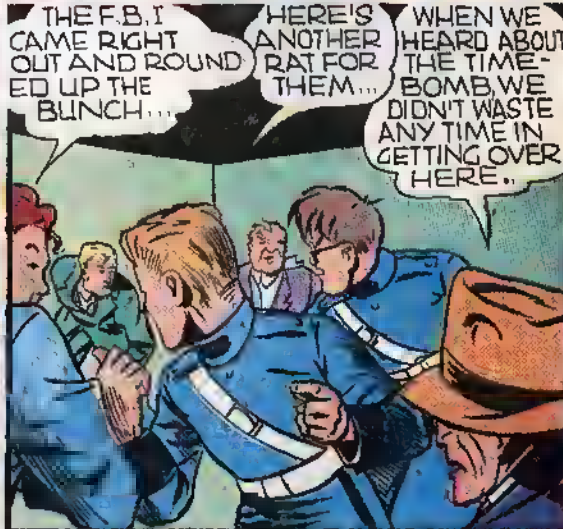
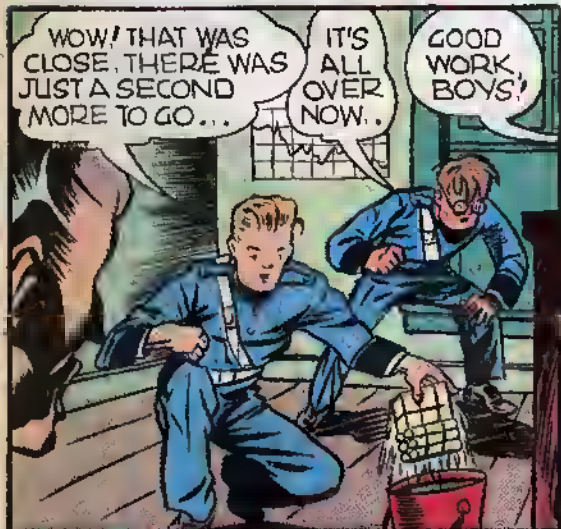
HOLD IT, DAN... MARSHALL'S TOO SLIPPERY... HOW ABOUT TRYING THAT WATCHMAN FIRST?... HE LOOKS LIKE A WEAKER TYPE... MAYBE WE CAN GET SOMETHING OUT OF HIM.

SURE, LET'S TRY HIM.



QUESTION No. 3. "Gibson girl" is a queer name for a war instrument. Why is that name used?



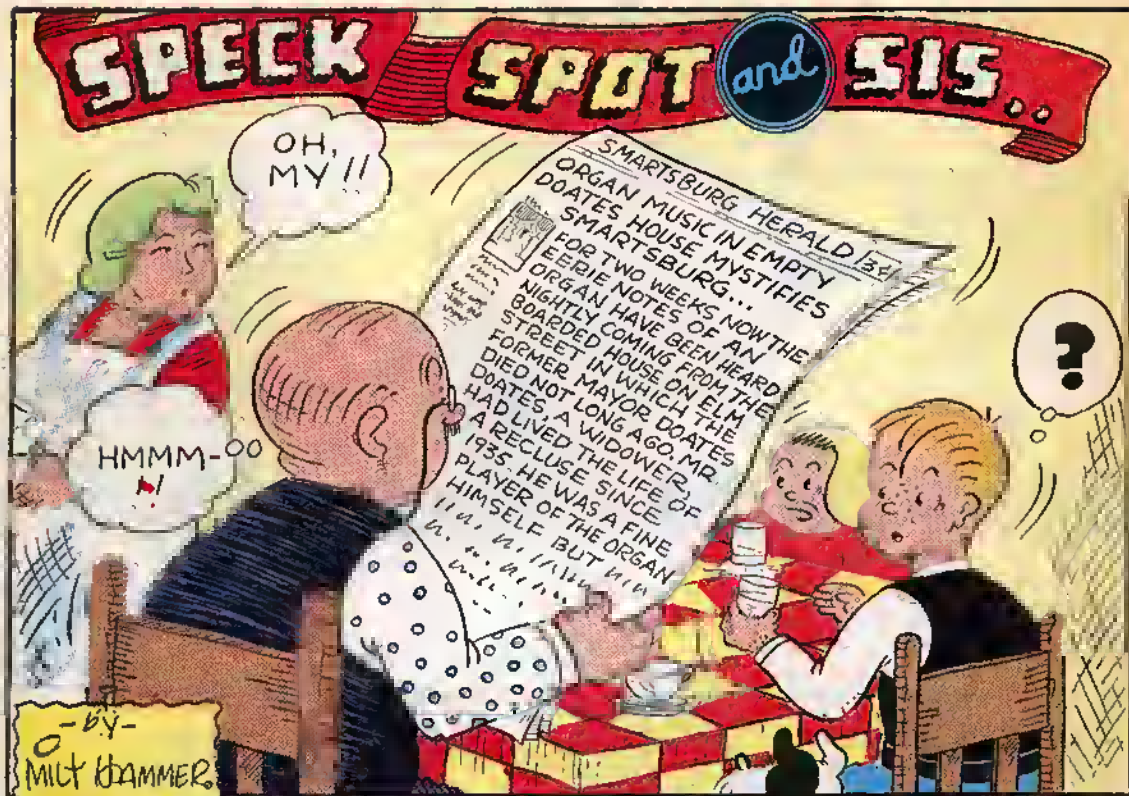


SPECK

SPOT

and

SIS..



IMAGINE ORGAN MUSIC COMING FROM AN EMPTY HOUSE? I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT IF I HADN'T HEARD IT MYSELF. NO TUNE - JUST WAILING NOTES !!

GEE, POP DID YUH LISSSEN? 'SCARES ME !!

MUST BE OLD DOATES' GHOST ALL RIGHT!

SPECK'S OFF TO WORK AT THE HERALD...

I WANNA GO WITH YUH, TOO!

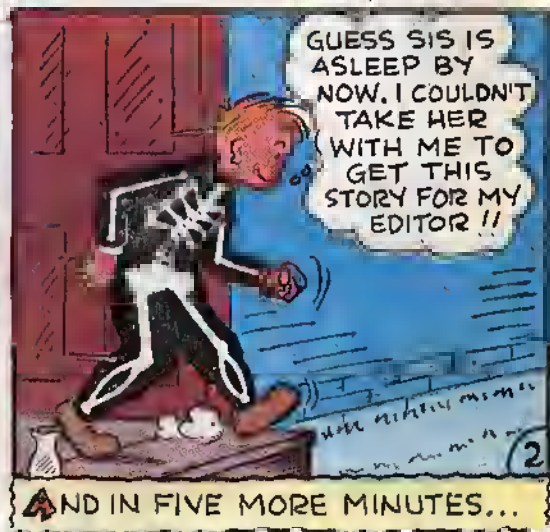
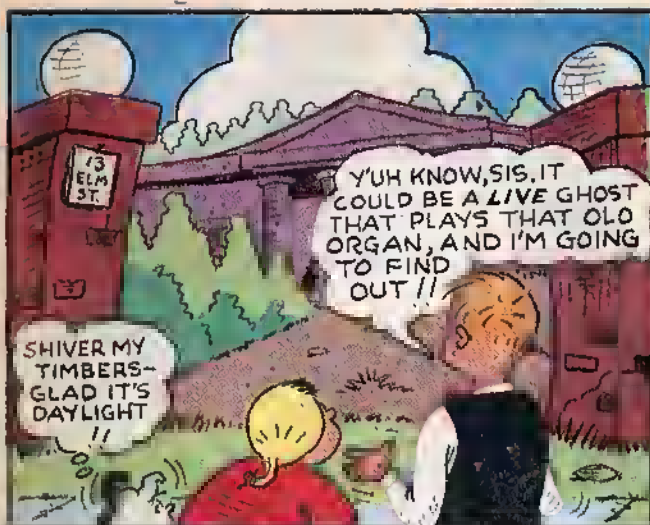
YOU CAN COME, BUT NO QUESTIONS!

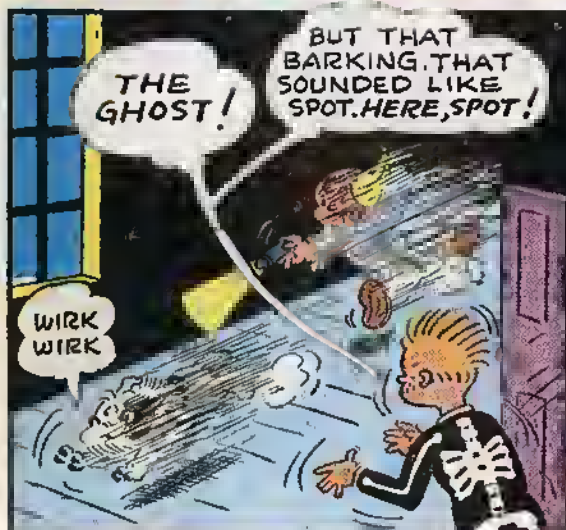
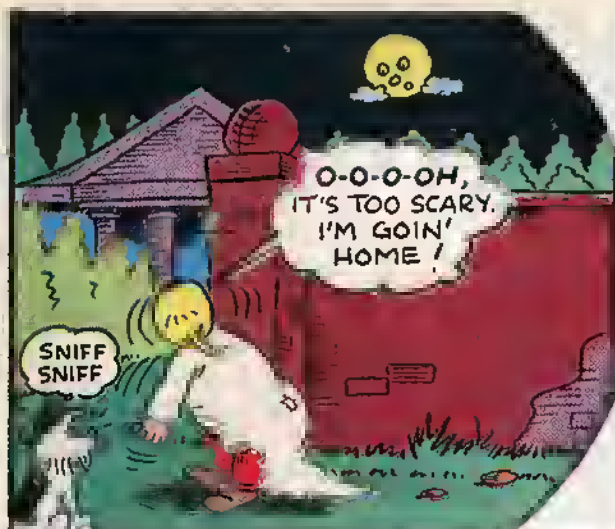


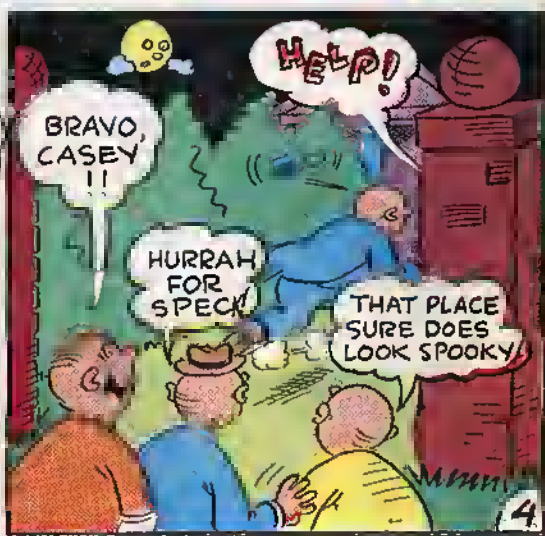
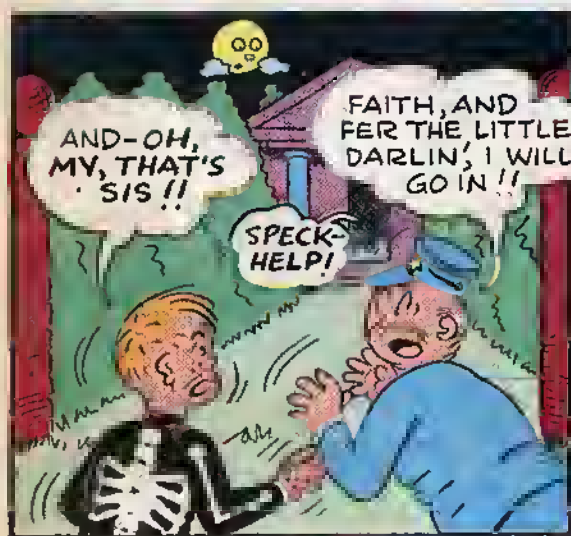
OOO, SPECK, D'YUH THINK WE OUGHTTA, HUH?

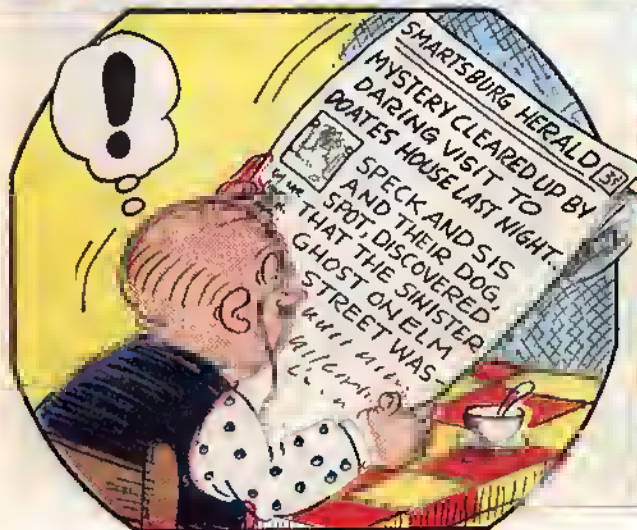
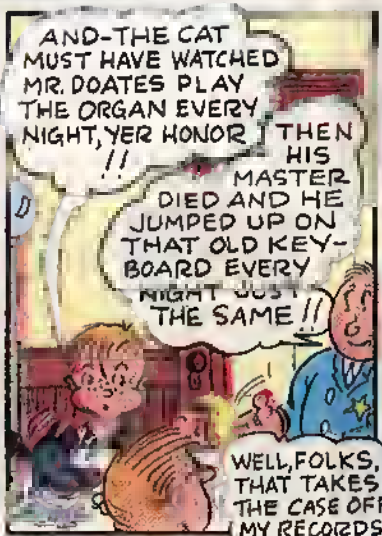
SURE - WHO'S SCAIRT OF A FEW SPOOKS !!











YOUR JOB IS SCHOOL, SO GET RIGHT TO IT
AND DO YOUR BEST. YOU'LL NEVER RUE IT.

THE TARGET

and
the

TARGETEERS



AT AN AUSTRALIAN PORT
OF EMBARKATION...

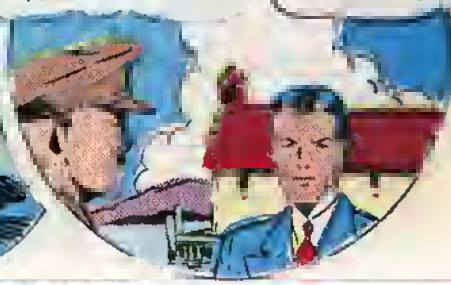
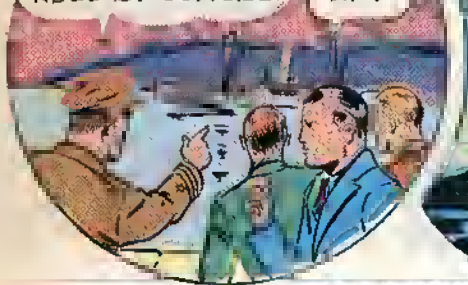
ONE OF OUR ISLAND
OUTPOSTS, ESSENTIAL
TO OUR INVASION
THROUSTS AT JAPAN,
IS IN DESPERATE
NEED OF SUPPLIES!

NONE
OF THE
SUPPLY
SHIPS GET
THROUGH,
EH?

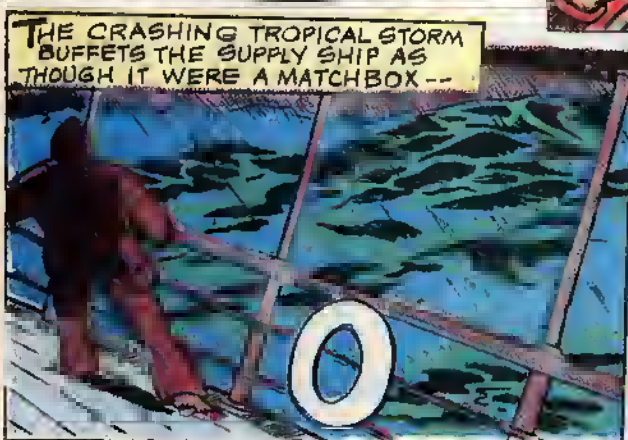
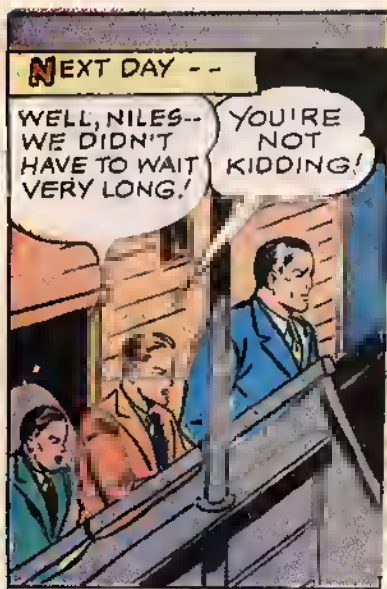
WHAT MYSTERIOUS FORCE WAS LUR-
ING ALLIED SUPPLY SHIPS TO THEIR
DESTRUCTION ON TREACHEROUS
PACIFIC REEFS?... CAN THE
TARGET AND TARGETEERS HOPE
TO SOLVE THIS MYSTERY WHEN
THE ANSWER LIES ON THE OCEAN
FLOOR LOCKED IN THE DREAMS
OF BRAVE SEAMEN?

THAT'S RIGHT! THEY
ALL SEEM TO CRASH
ON THE REEF OFF
NIGHTMARE ISLAND!
BUT, THERE'S NO
REASON FOR IT!

WE'LL GO
OUT ON
THE NEXT
SUPPLY SHIP.
WHEN DOES
IT LEAVE?



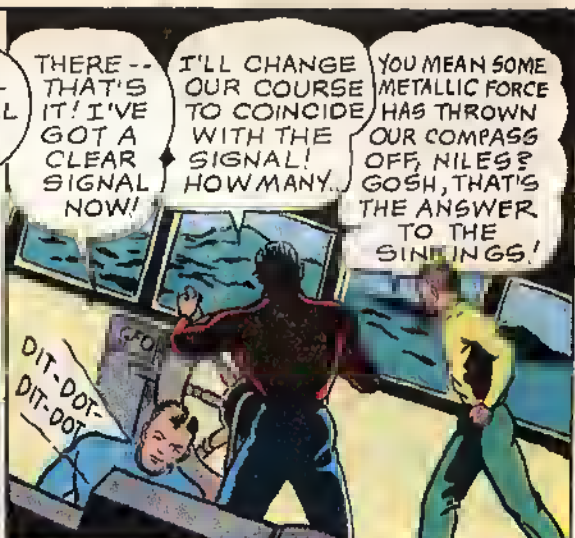
IF YOU STUDY HARD, BEFORE YOU KNOW IT
BETTER MARKS ARE BOUND TO SHOW IT.





TOO MUCH INTERFERENCE, NILES -- I ONLY GET STATIO!

NO, I'M PRETTY SURE OUR COMPASS IS OFF-- MOVE YOUR LOCATOR DIAL A COUPLE OF DEGREES, AND SEE WHAT YOU GET?



THERE -- THAT'S IT! I'VE GOT A CLEAR SIGNAL NOW!

I'LL CHANGE OUR COURSE TO COINCIDE WITH THE SIGNAL! HOW MANY.

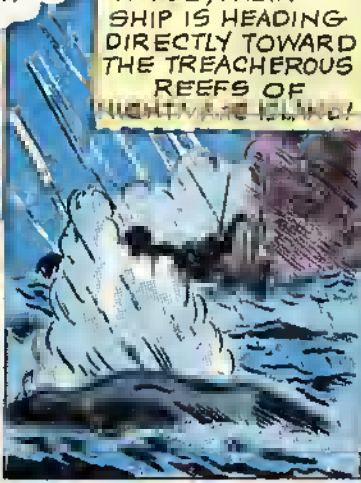
YOU MEAN SOME METALLIC FORCE HAS THROWN OUR COMPASS OFF, NILES? GOSH, THAT'S THE ANSWER TO THE SINKINGS!



I ONLY WISH WE COULD SEE SOMETHING!

NOT A CHANCE-- IT'S DARK AS PITCH!

BUT, UNKNOWN TO THE THREE, THEIR SHIP IS HEADING DIRECTLY TOWARD THE TREACHEROUS REEFS OF NIGHTMARE ISLAND!



THE LOOKOUT, IN THE CROW'S NEST, PEERS INTENTLY AHEAD!

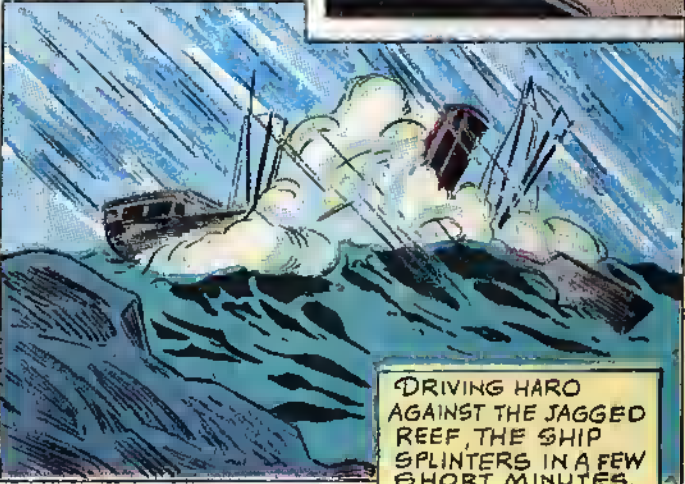


I -- I CAN'T SEE A BLASTED THING THROUGH THIS -- WHAT'S THAT? A REEF! REEF AHEAD!

The NEXT MOMENT ...



CHANGE -- **OGNN!** TOO LATE, WE'VE HIT! GET OUT OF HERE FAST, BEFORE WE'RE TRAPPED!



DRIVING HARO AGAINST THE JAGGED REEF, THE SHIP SPLINTERS IN A FEW SHORT MINUTES.

DAWN FINDS THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS THE ONLY SURVIVORS CLINGING TO SOME WRECKAGE.

WELL, I CERTAINLY WALKED INTO THAT TRAP!

YEAH! THAT WAS A FANCY JOB OF NAVIGATING, NILES!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE AUSTRALIAN PORT --

THERE'S STILL NO REPORT FROM THAT SUPPLY SHIP-- BETTER GO OUT, LIEUTENANT!

RIGHT, SIR! I'LL TAKE OFF AT ONCE!

HEY, LOOK! A NAVY PATROL SHIP!

SOME TIME LATER--

I HOPE THAT PILOT IS LOOKING FOR US-- OR HE'LL NEVER SPOT US!

HEY! DIPPING HIS WINGS! GOOD! HE'S SEEN US!

THERE THEY ARE! AT LEAST, THERE'S SOMEONE! WONDER WHAT THOSE UNIFORMS ARE? BETTER GO DOWN!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR, FELLOWS? THERE'S OUR TAXI!

OH, TARGET-- AND THE TARGETEERS!!

YES -- YOU WERE SENT OUT TO FIND US, WEREN'T YOU?

I WAS LOOKING FOR A LOST SUPPLY SHIP, SIR! WHY?

WE WERE ON IT -- LIEUTENANT, I'D LIKE TO MAKE A PATROL FLIGHT AROUND THESE WATERS!

THIRTY MINUTES LATER--

WHAT'S THAT
WRECK?

JUST AN OLD HULK, SIR--
WE WENT OVER IT VERY
CAREFULLY A COUPLE OF
MONTHS
AGO!

YES, BUT THE SUPPLY
SHIPS HAVE ONLY BEEN
MISSING FOR THE LAST
MONTH! GO DOWN!

COME ON, BOYS,
LET'S SEE IF
ANYTHING NEW
HAS BEEN
ADDED!

DO YOU REALLY THINK
THE TROUBLE COULD
BE HERE, NILES?

QUICK! THREE
MEN SWIM
FOR SHIP!

TELL THE
CAPTAIN--
WHAT IS THE
DRESS THEY
WEAR?

MAN THE PORTHOLES!
CUT THEM DOWN
WITH RIFLE FIRE!
THEY MUST NOT
REACH SHIP!

WOW, DUCK!
YOU CERTAINLY
TAGGED THIS
FIGHT, NILES!

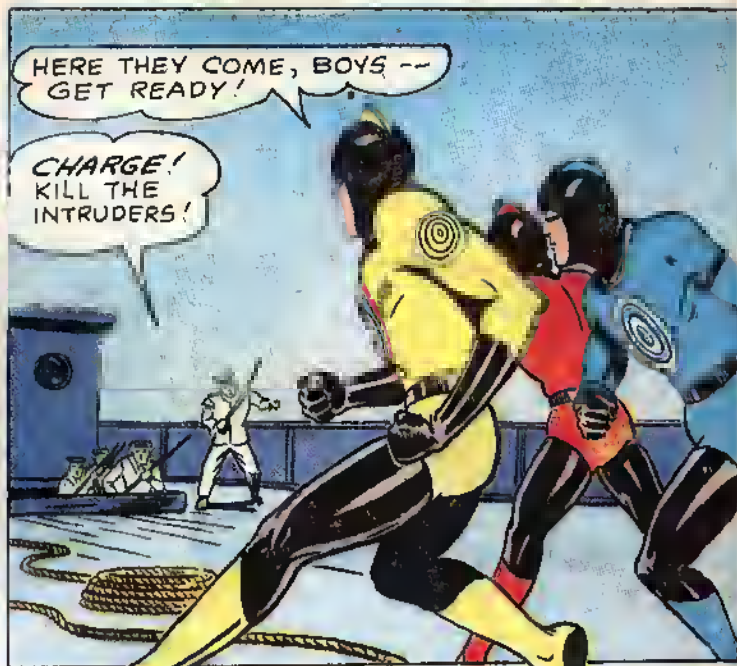
SPLIT
UP-- STAY
UNDER WATER!
GET THEM
FROM THREE
SIDES!

HOLY GEE -- THAT SHIP
ISN'T EMPTY AT ALL! I
GUESS THOSE FELLOWS
ARE GOING TO NEED
A LITTLE HELP!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE THREE GAIN THE DECK--

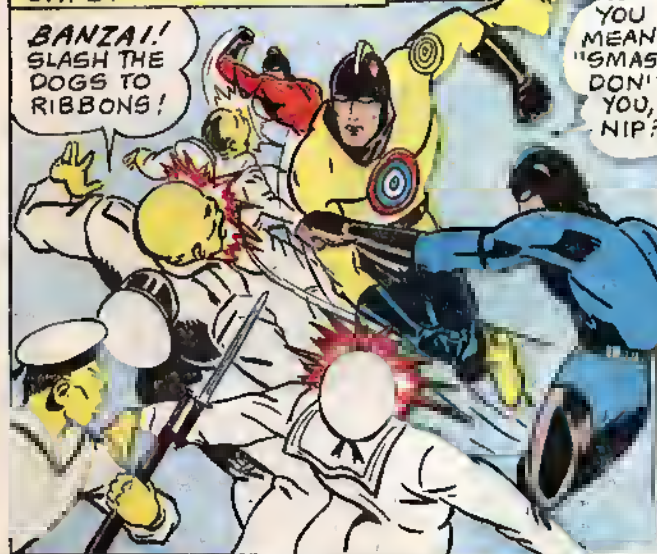
NOW! LET'S GET AT THEM!



HERE THEY COME, BOYS -- GET READY!

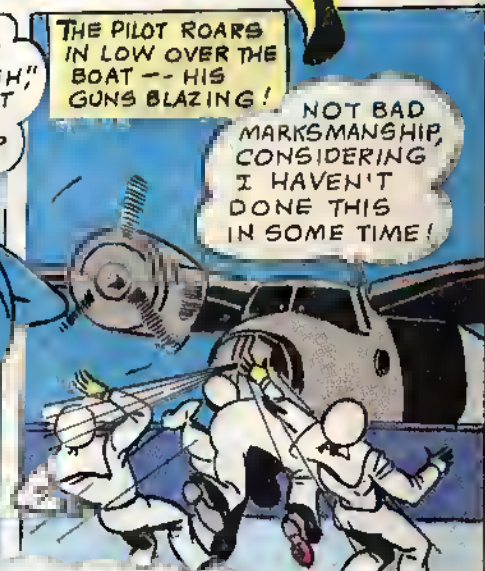
CHARGE! KILL THE INTRUDERS!

THE FEARLESS TARGET TRIO CLOSES WITH THE JAPS!



BANZAI! SLASH THE DOGS TO RIBBONS!

YOU MEAN "SMASH," DON'T YOU, NIP?

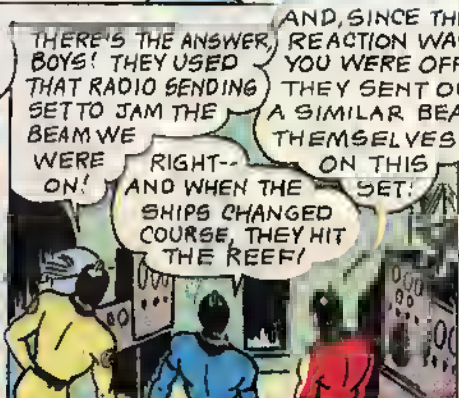


THE PILOT ROARS IN LOW OVER THE BOAT -- HIS GUNS BLAZING!

NOT BAD MARKSMANSHIP, CONSIDERING I HAVEN'T DONE THIS IN SOME TIME!



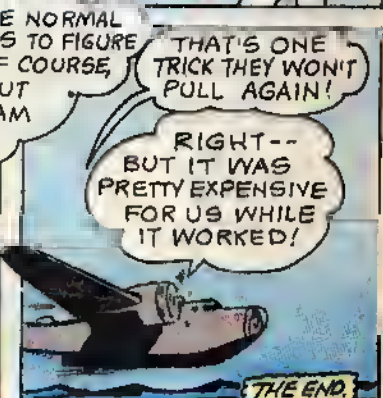
WELL, THAT'S THAT! I'LL SIGNAL THE PLANE TO SET DOWN! THEN, LET'S GO BELOW!



THERE'S THE ANSWER, BOYS! THEY USED THAT RADIO SENDING SET TO JAM THE BEAM WE WERE ON!

RIGHT-- AND WHEN THE SHIPS CHANGED COURSE, THEY HIT THE REEF!

AND, SINCE THE NORMAL REACTION WAS TO FIGURE YOU WERE OFF COURSE, THEY SENT OUT A SIMILAR BEAM THEMSELVES ON THIS SET!



THAT'S ONE TRICK THEY WON'T PULL AGAIN!

RIGHT-- BUT IT WAS PRETTY EXPENSIVE FOR US WHILE IT WORKED!

THE END.

COME ON, KIDS, LET'S DO OUR PART AND UPSET THE AXIS APPLE CART.

CANDID

CHARLIE

BY
B. Gordon Guth

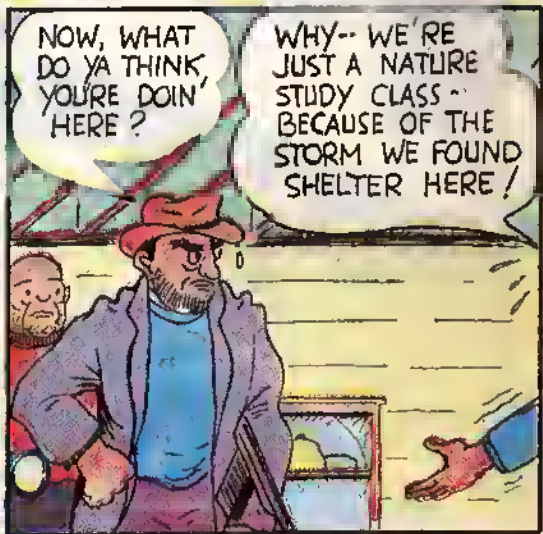
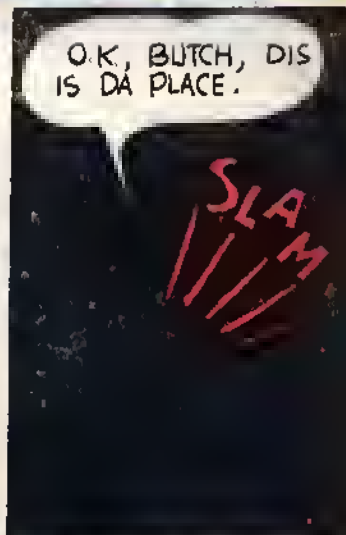
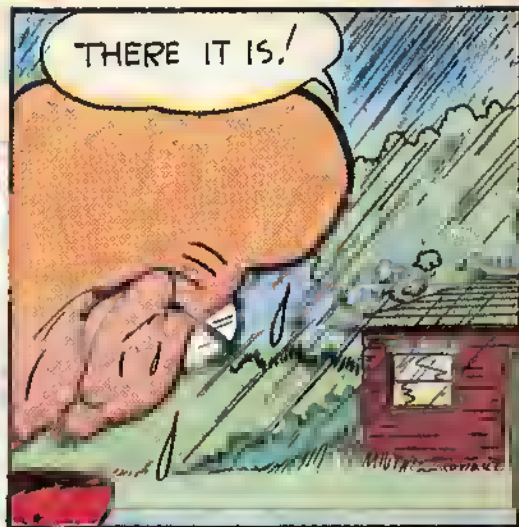
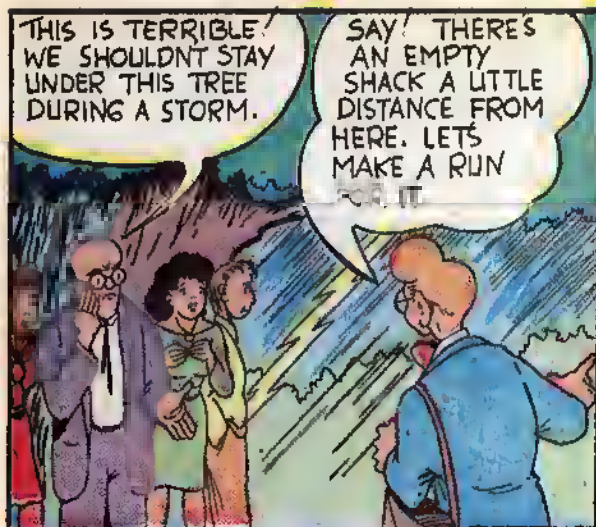
GOSH! I'M GLAD WE
STOPPED FOR LUNCH!
I WAS STARVED.

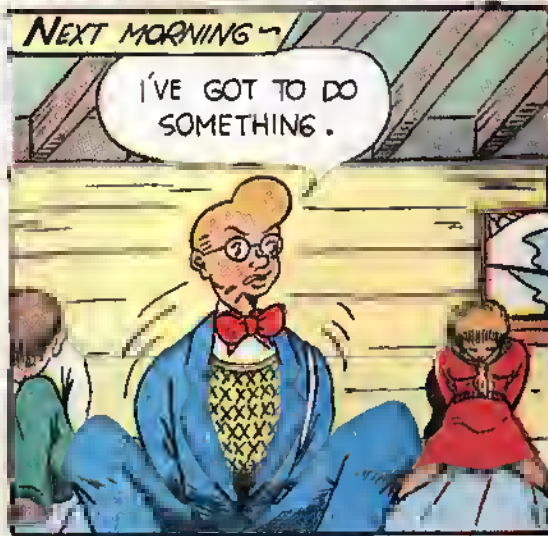
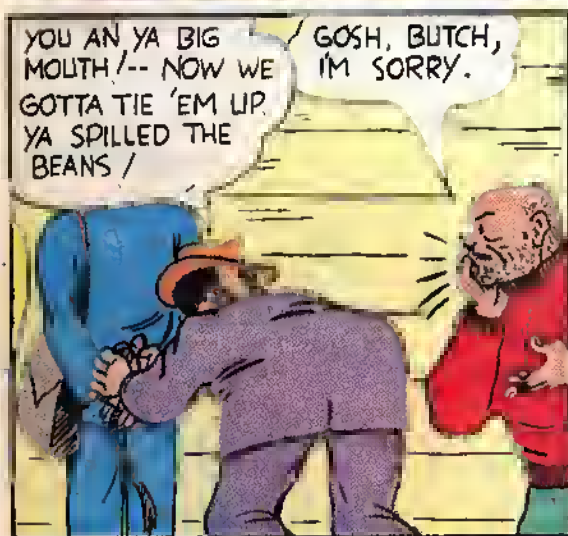
ON A NATURE STUDY
PICNIC WITH PROFESSOR
SNODGRASS, CHARLIE
REALLY LIVES UP TO HIS
NAME AS A WIZARD
OF THE LENS IN
SNARING TWO
BIRDS THAT DON'T
FLY.

BUT-
JUST THEN-

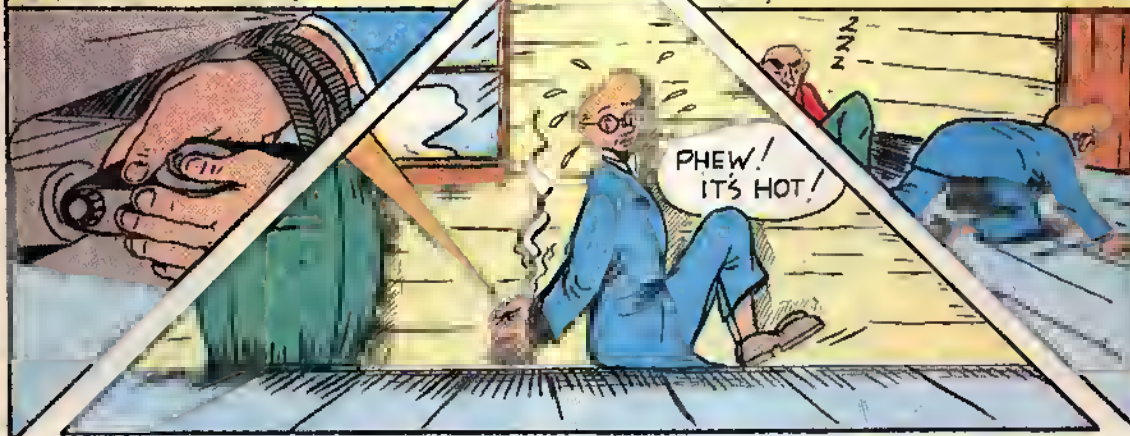
CRASH

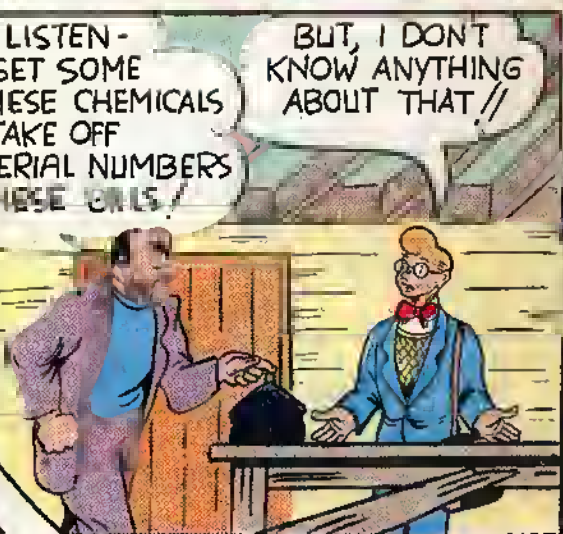
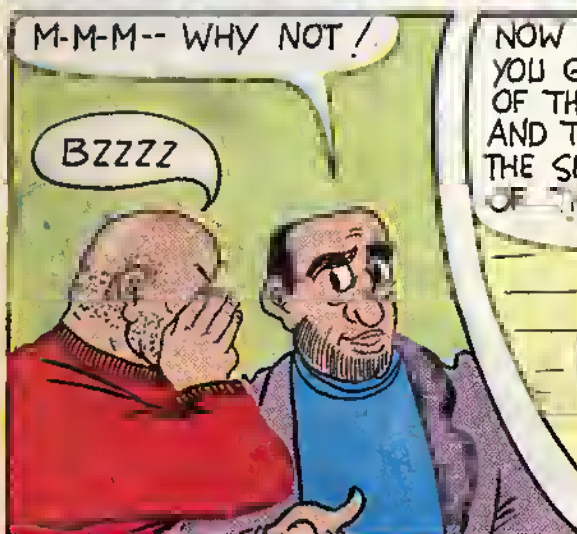
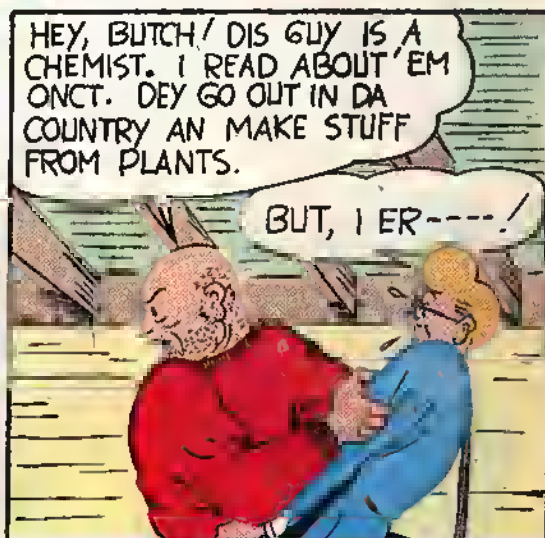
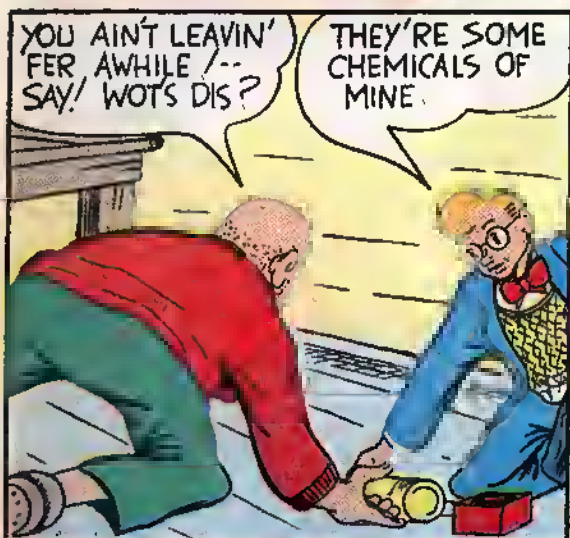
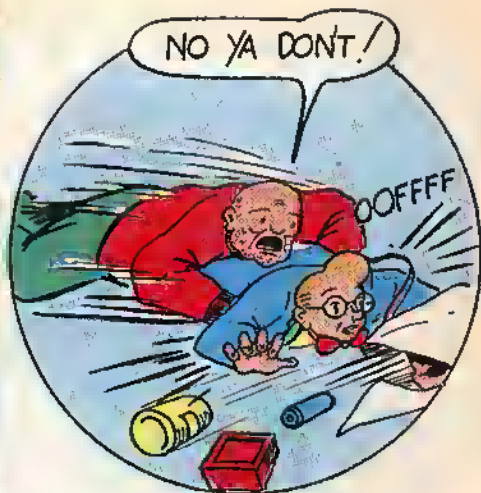
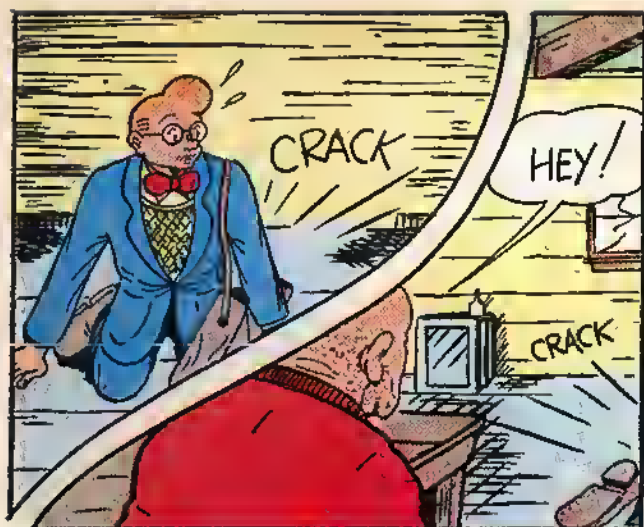
COLLECT ALL PAPER, TIN AND FATS
AND YOU WILL HELP DEFEAT THE JAPS.





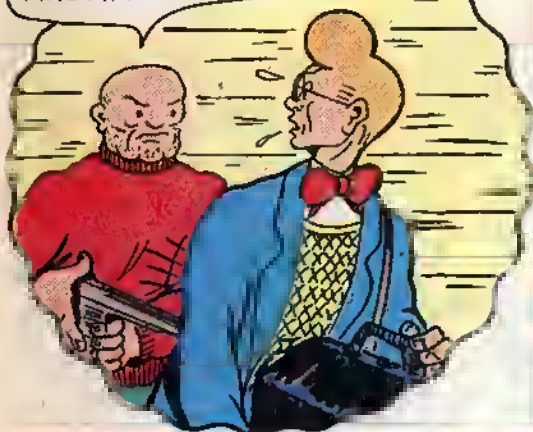
CHARLIE MANAGES TO GET HIS CAMERA OUT OF THE BAG, AND LINSCREWS THE LENS, ----





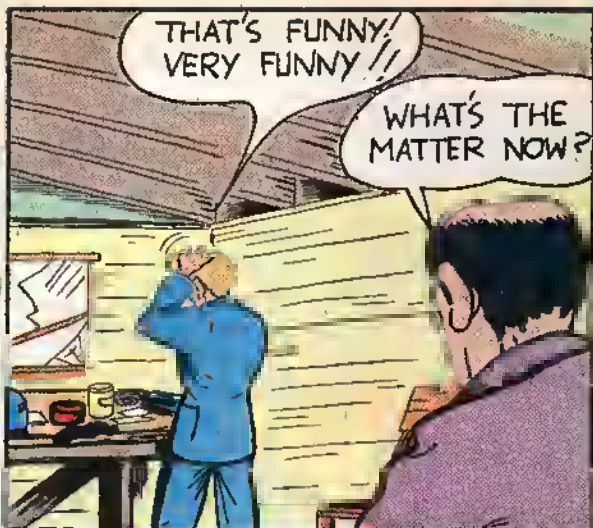
DO YOUR BIT TO WIN THIS WAR
SO THERE'LL BE PEACE FOR EVERMORE.

COME ON! COME ON!
I GOT AN ITCHY
FINGER.

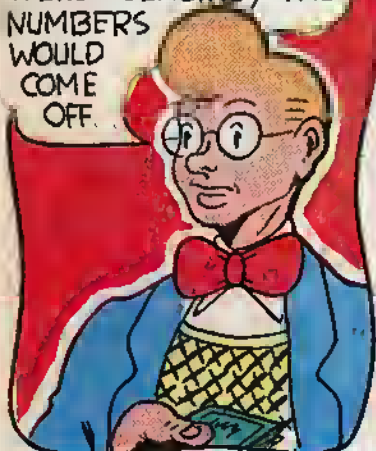


THAT'S FUNNY!
VERY FUNNY!!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER NOW?

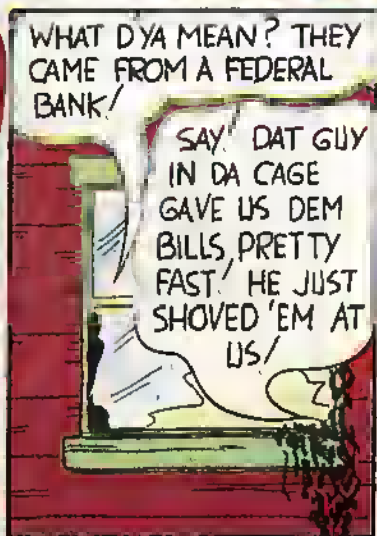


WELL, IF THESE BILLS
WERE GENUINE, THE
NUMBERS
WOULD
COME
OFF.



WHAT D'YA MEAN? THEY
CAME FROM A FEDERAL
BANK!

SAY! DAT GUY
IN DA CAGE
GAVE US DEM
BILLS, PRETTY
FAST, HE JUST
SHOVED 'EM AT
US!



I THINK YOU WERE
HANDLED COUNTERFEIT
BILLS--THIS BATCH MUST
HAVE BEEN SENT THERE
FOR INSPECTION.

WHY---
THE CROOKS!



COME ON-- WE'RE GOIN'
BACK THERE-- THEY
GOT SOME NERVE!

DEY
CAN'T DO
DAT TO
US !!

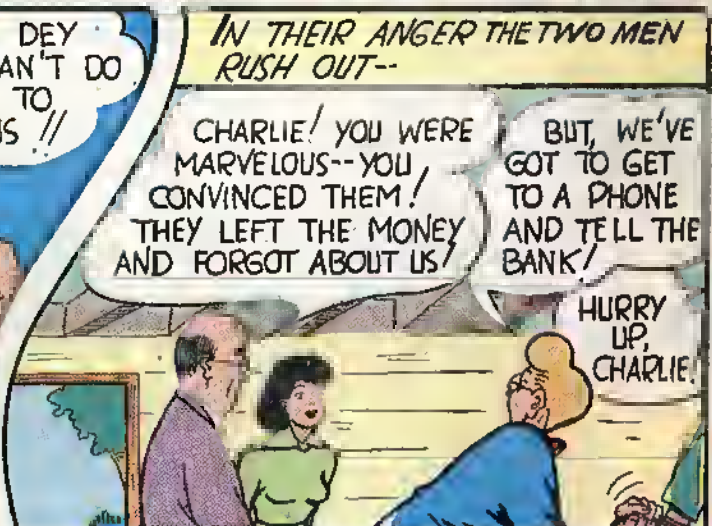


IN THEIR ANGER THE TWO MEN
RUSH OUT--

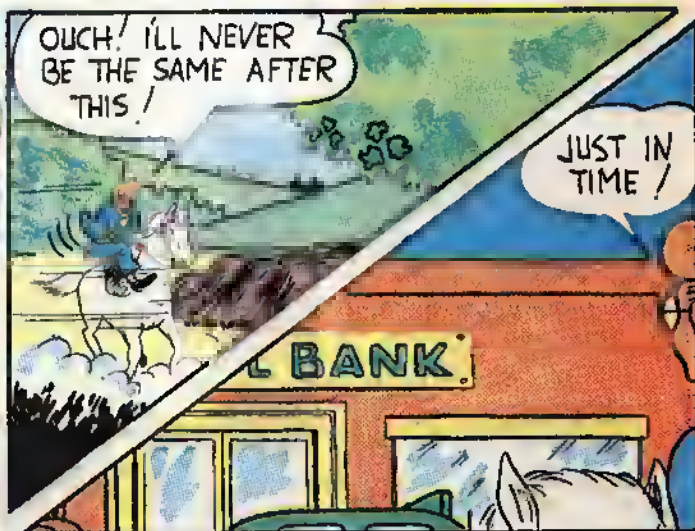
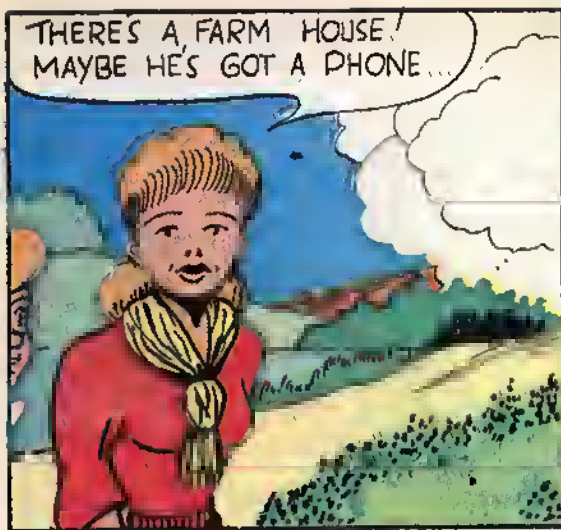
CHARLIE! YOU WERE
MARVELOUS-- YOU
CONVINCED THEM!
THEY LEFT THE MONEY
AND FORGOT ABOUT US!

BUT, WE'VE
GOT TO GET
TO A PHONE
AND TELL THE
BANK!

HURRY
UP,
CHARLIE!



YOU NEED NEVER DOUBT OUR BOYS WILL WIN
IF WE AT HOME WILL JUST DIG IN.



DON'T PLAY HOOKEY. IT ISN'T FAIR.
OUR BOYS DON'T DO IT OVER THERE.



JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE!

By DAVID T. MARKE

WILLIE had a sudden feeling that he was going to be sick. When he had first stepped into Mr. Jim's office it had been a warm, cozy sort of a place. Now, however, Willie felt as if it was growing colder and larger, while he seemed to be shrinking in size.

Maybe it was because of what he was saying, thought Willie. But, gosh, he wasn't saying anything wrong . . . or was he?

What gave him that feeling he couldn't exactly say, but it all seemed to begin when he had reached that part in his carefully rehearsed speech, ". . . and that is why, sir, I want to quit."

It was then that Mr. Jim interrupted him. But all he had said was, "Just a moment, please!"

Of course, it wasn't what Mr. Jim said, but how he said it. Willie had almost swallowed his gum. Flustered out of his prepared speech, all he could do was mumble, "I thought you'd be pleased, sir, what with the shortage of help in the plant, an' everything."

Steel-blue eyes boring into Willie's face, Mr. Jim seemed not at all overjoyed.

"Pleased, Willie? Why should I be pleased when a 15-year-old lad comes into my office and tells me that he is going to quit school because he wants to work in my plant?"

"But, sir," protested Willie, "I'm too young to fight, and I want to help out . . . and I showed that I could do a man's job this summer, didn't I?"

"I can't deny that. You certainly did as well as any grown, unskilled laborer in the plant. And you got paid as well, too."

"You bet, sir," Willie replied enthusiastically. "It sure is grand having jack in my jeans. Makes a fellow feel sort of independent . . . and you wait 'n see, Mr. Jim, this is only the beginning!"

Mr. Jim looked steadily at Willie, noting his enthusiasm, his cock-sureness, and shook his head impatiently, without sadly.

"I'm a busy man, and were it not for the fact that I have a 17-year-old son at home who

feels much as you do about going back to school this fall, I'd not say another word, but let you go your merry way. Heaven only knows how much I need help here. But this thing is bigger than you, or my son, who feels that the Army will get him next year, so why worry about finishing school now . . . It's bigger than any of us . . . so, sit down, Willie, sit down and let's talk this thing out."

For a moment Mr. Jim sat straight in his chair, looking down at the picture of his son on his desk, while Willie sat on the edge of his chair thinking to himself: "What's this old guy think he's doing? If he won't give me a full-time job, there are plenty of places that will . . . Gosh, no more teachers and books . . . I can be my own boss, and have a good time."

As if reading his thoughts, the "old guy" answered: "That job you're holding now looks like a big thing to you, doesn't it, Willie? But how big is it going to look 5 years from now? . . . Oh, yes, I know that you're not looking that far ahead, but I'm a little

older than you are and can look ahead for you. How fast do you suppose you can go ahead on it? Well, I'll tell you—in fact I'll *show* you! Do you know Jim Mulligan . . . the little fellow a way down the line from you in the plant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Jim came to us fifteen years ago, Willie. He was an unskilled laborer then, and he's still one—a good one at that. Yet, you, who have been holding down the same kind of job, do the same work and get the same pay, and you only started this summer."

"But, sir," Willie began to protest, "I . . ."

"Now, Willie, don't interrupt me until I'm through. Let us suppose that Jim knew how to count better and plan better, don't you think he'd have made something of himself in fifteen years? Suppose you knew more about people, business, government, and how things are made by other people, don't you think you'd get ahead faster? School is where you can learn these things. In school you'd have a chance to find out what you'd like best to do . . . not just take the first job that seems to pay a lot of money."

"Aw, school's kid stuff," muttered Willie, half under his breath. "And, besides, If I can't fight, I can work for Uncle Sam."

"So school is kid stuff, eh? Men in the Army don't think so. Do you know that so many of them want to keep on studying, even while they are fighting the war, that the Army has organized a special

institute to provide them with courses? That's so, Willie. You can take my word for it. Maybe it's hard for you to see how school can help you, Willie, but ask some of the boys in the service who didn't finish school, and see what they say. Lots of them wish they had had more school before they joined up."

"Now take that little matter of helping in the war. You're just like my son who wants to kill time until he can join up. But look at it this way. You'd despise anyone who shortchanged Uncle Sam, wouldn't you? For military service Uncle Sam needs trained men, men who have had sound, basic education, men who can take responsibility and leadership. When you take time out from school, when you fail to get sound, basic training, aren't you doing the very thing you despise?"

"Gee, Mr. Jim, you mean Uncle Sam *wants* us to go back to school?"

"You bet, Willie. Here, let me read you what the War Manpower Commission says: 'The first responsibility and obligation of youth under 18, *even in wartime*, is to take full advantage of their educational opportunities in order to prepare themselves for war and postwar services and for the duties of citizenship . . . youth under 18 can best contribute to the war program by continuing in school . . . Your No. 1 war work is school work. Keep it up.'"

"That's in black and white, Willie."

"But, I *know* you need help in the plant, sir, and I can help!"

"I sure need your help, Willie. You're a grand sport to pitch in and help now. You can do so while still going to school, too. I'd be only too happy to give you part-time employment this winter."

"Would you, sir, now would you?"

"Certainly! Who knows, but that with the proper courses you will get ahead here. I know I'll help . . . Just keep this last thought squarely in mind, and you'll be all right. This war isn't going to last forever, and peacetime and wartime are very different. We don't know just what kind of a world we'll have after the war, but one thing is sure: The world you live in is going to be a more complicated place than it was before the war. Great advances and changes are taking place right now. You can see that in this plant! There will be more after the war. You'll need all the education and training you can get for the new world. And school's the place to get it. If you are not set when the time comes there won't be a place for you. So get set for tomorrow, Willie!"

"Gee, Mr. Jim, I thought I was going to be sick a little while back; now I know I am. Sick to think that I almost threw up school for just a little pleasure now. Goodbye, Mr. Jim . . . and thanks!"

"I know I sounded like the preacher, Willie, but I didn't mean to be . . . Goodbye, and good luck to you."

THE END

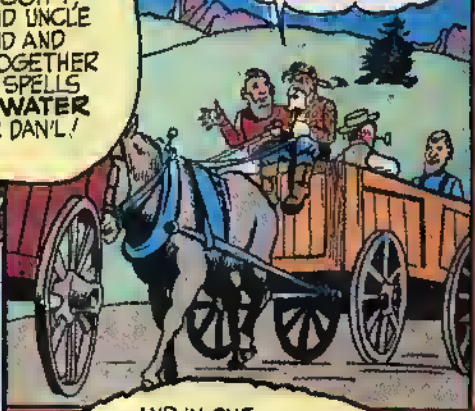
DAN'L FLANNEL



HOMESPUN CENTER HAS A PICNIC....

'HOT DAWGS'
SAID DAN'L
FLANNEL.
'HOT
ZIGGITY'
SAID UNCLE
DUD AND
ALTOGETHER
IT SPELLS
HOT WATER
FOR DAN'L!

HOT ZIGGITY,
FOLKS!! HOT
DAWGS ARE
FREE TODAY!



AND IN ONE
PARTICULAR HAY WAGON
... DAN'L FLANNEL ...

YEOWEE!!
SOME
FUN!

GORSH, BEULA BELLE DID YA
HAFFTA BRING YORE
SUNDAY SCHOOL
CLASS ALONG?



SAVE TIN AND PAPER, WOOD AND SCRAP,
HELP SWEEP THE ENEMY OFF THE MAP.

NOW, DAN'L.... YOU KNOW
THESE YOUNGSTERS WANT
TO BE IN ON THE FUN, AND
I FIGURED YOU'D WATCH
THEM FOR ME!

BUT, BEULAH
BELLE! AH'M NO
NURSEMAID...
AH HOPES!

AT THE PICNIC
GROUNDS NEAR
CATFISH CREEK.

HAW! DAN'L'S
GOIN' T' HAVE
A BLACK
EYE!
HAW!

ALL OUT...
OUCH!

STOP FOOLIN' AROUND.
DAN'L, AN' HELP US
WITH THESE H'YAR
HOT DAWGS!

DURN KID --
UH -- UH --
HELLO, UNCLE
DUD!

THUNDERNATION!
WHO'S AGOIN' T'
EAT ALL THOSE? --

EV'RY HONGRY
MOTHER'S SON,
DAN'L,
INCLUDIN'
ME! YUM-
YUM!

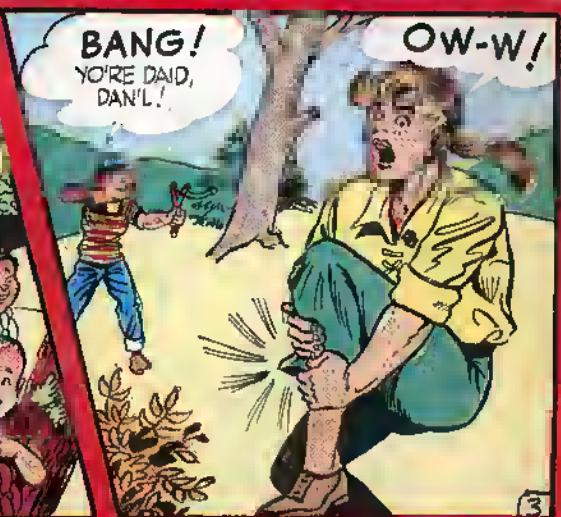
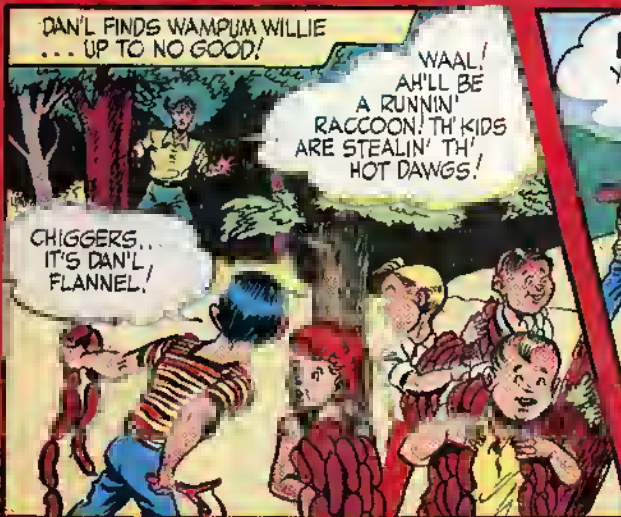
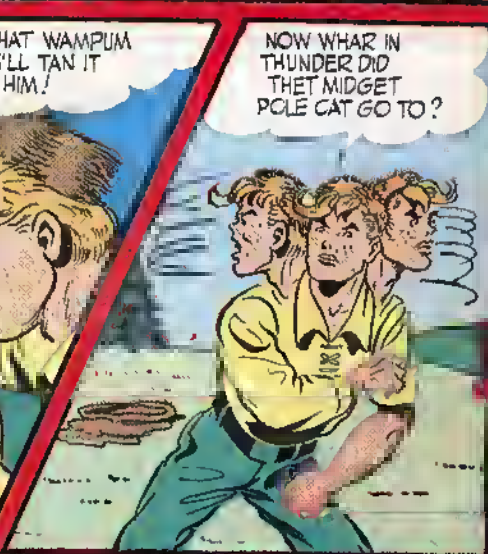
TEN - SHUN!
TATER SACK
RACE'LL GO
ON IN TWO
MINUTES!

DAN'L GO
AHEAD...
YOU'RE
ENTERED
IN THIS!

YUP! EFN AH
WINS, AH GETS
ME A PAIR OF
OVERALLS!
GUESS, AH'LL
WIN!

IMAGINE A HOOMAN
BEIN' JUMPIN' ROUN' IN
ONE O' THESE!!

HOLD ON THAR,
DAN'L.... AH'LL
HELP YO GIT
INTER IT!



DAWG-GONE IT!
AH LOST 'EM!

MEBBE AH HASN'T...
THAR'S TH' SMELL
O' HOT DAWGS
IN TH' AIR!

DAN'L'S KEEN SMELL LEADS HIM
TO A HOT DAWG RENDEZVOUS!

OHO! CAUGHT
YO' ALL IN
TH' ACT!

YI!
DAN'L
AGAIN!

AH'M AGOIN'
OW-W! DON'T HIT
ME, DAN'L! BAW-W!

SHUT UP, WILLIE!
AH'M NOT AGOIN'
T' HIT YO'...
JUS' GIVE
YO' A
LECTURE!

'TWEREN'T
NICE ASTEALIN' THET
PASSEL O' HOT DAWGS!
NOW, IF YO'RE GOOD
FELLAS, AN' TAKE 'EM
BACK TO TH' PICNIC,
AH WON'T SAY
ANYTHING!

GORSH! AH THINK AH'LL
HAVE JUST ONE... THEN
WE'LL TAKE TH' REST
BACK.

WHEE! DAN'L
FLANNEL'S
ALL RIGHT.

MEANWHILE
AT THE PICNIC
GROUNDS... DISASTER!

GEE, DAN'L,
YO'RE NOT
MAD, EH?
HERE, HAVE
A HOT
DAWG!

THUNDERATION!
TH' HOT DAWGS
ARE GONE!

GRACIOUS!
WHERE ARE THE
CHILDREN?

A SEARCHING PARTY SETS OUT....



OVER H'YAR!
AH FOUND
THEM!

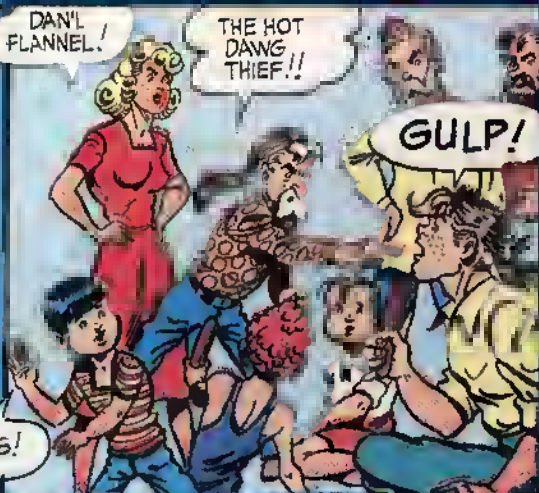
WE'RE
ACCOMIN'!

DAN'L
FLANNEL!

THE HOT
DANG
THIEF!!

GULP!

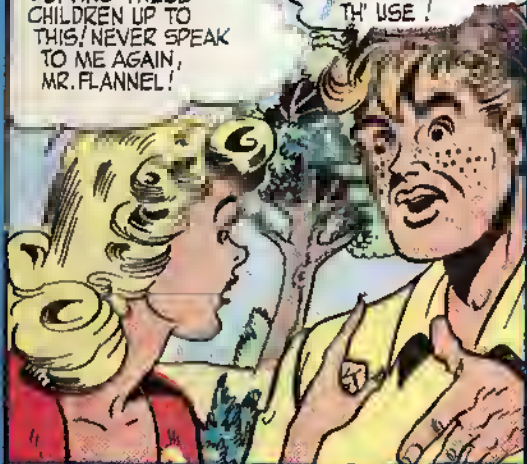
YIPES!



SHAME ON YOU!
PUTTING THESE
CHILDREN UP TO
THIS! NEVER SPEAK
TO ME AGAIN,
MR. FLANNEL!

BUT, BEULAH BELLE!..
AWR -- WHUT'S
TH' USE!

HOWEVER, WAMPUM WILLIE'S FATHER
KNOWS HIS OFFSPRING...



AH'LL WHUP THE
DAYLIGHTS OUTA
YUH!

YEOWLP!
HALP!

NOW AH'LL BE
A MIZZABLE
OUTCAST FRUM
HOMESPUN
CENTER.
(SIGH)



PULEEZE
DON'T
LICK ME,
POP.
PULEEZE!

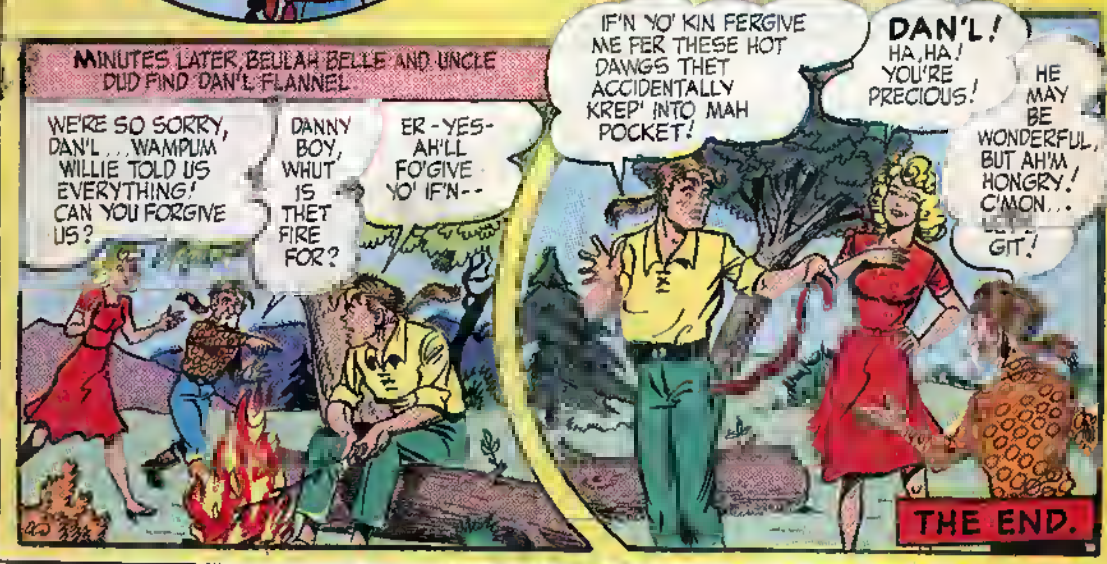
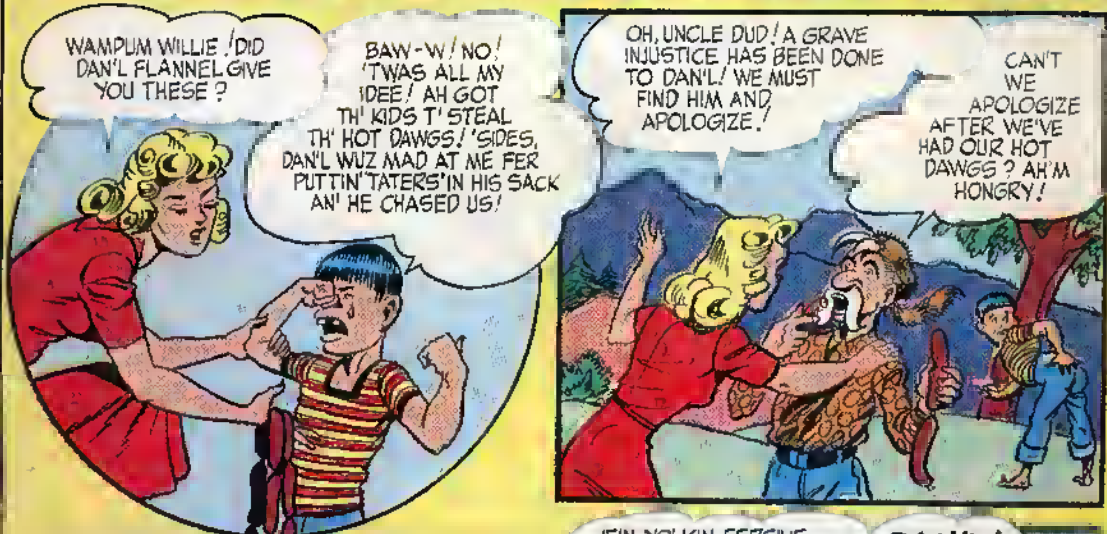
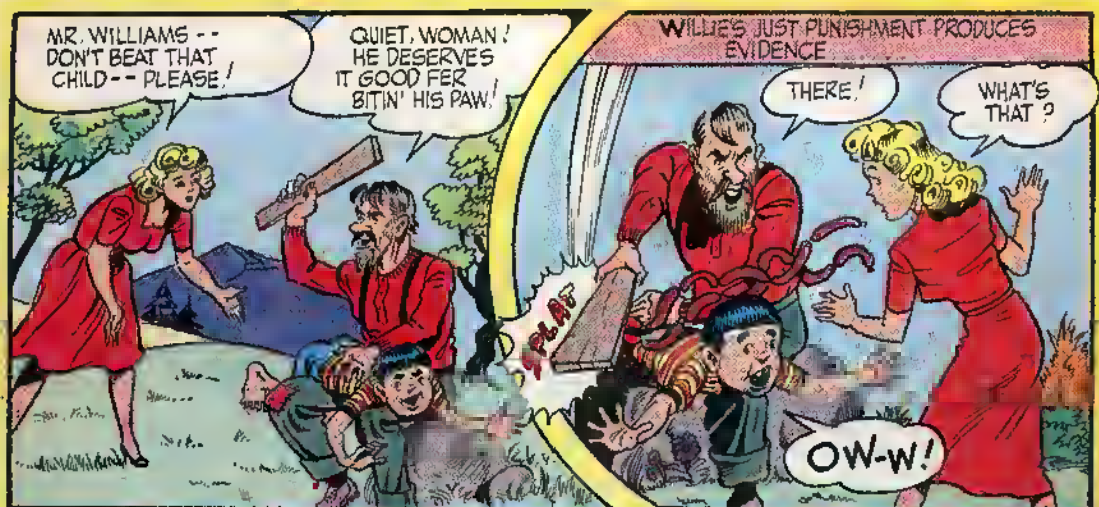
YEOW!
MAH
FINGERS!



BITE YORE
PAW, WILL
YO'?

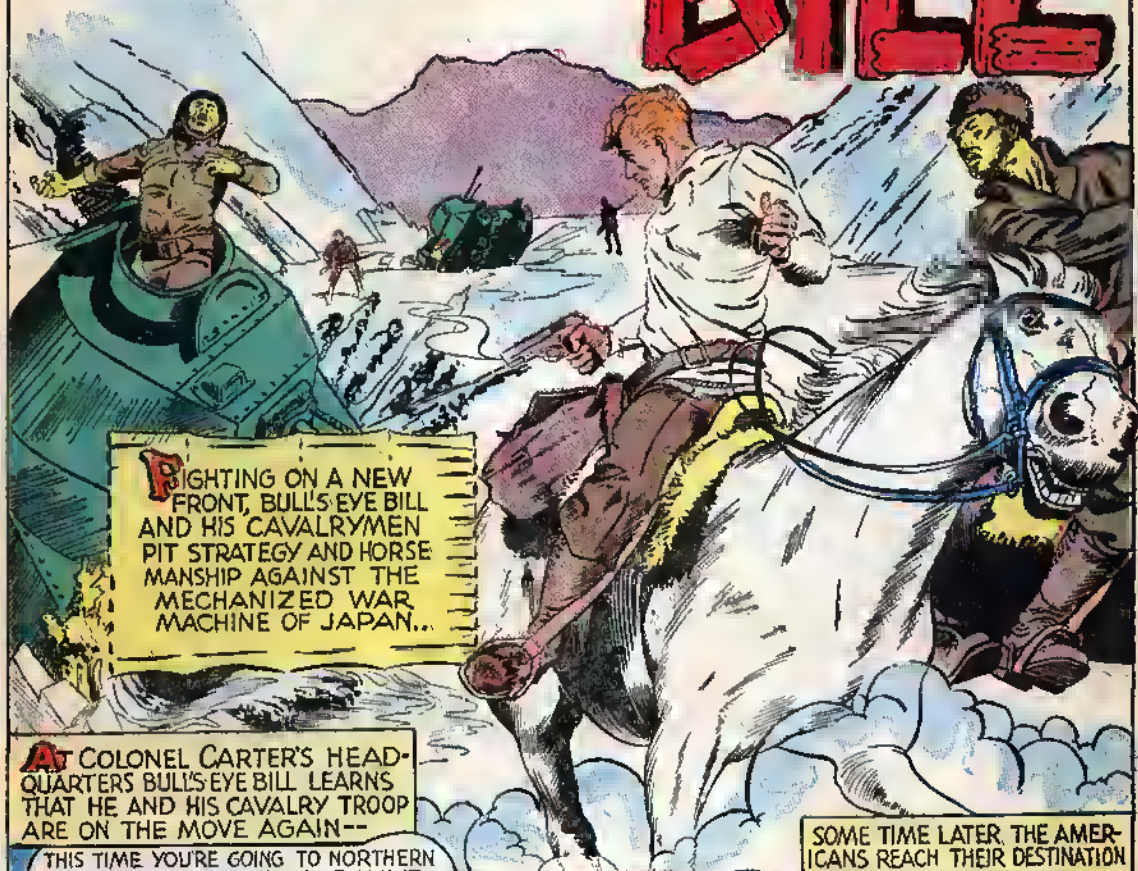
HALP! BEULAH
BELLE, HALP!
PAW'S AGOIN'
T'KILL ME!





IF WE AT HOME WILL DO OUR BIT
THE JAPS WILL HAVE AN AWFVL FIT.

BULL'S-EYE BILL



FIGHTING ON A NEW FRONT, BULL'S EYE BILL AND HIS CAVALRYMEN PIT STRATEGY AND HORSEMANSHIP AGAINST THE MECHANIZED WAR MACHINE OF JAPAN...

AT COLONEL CARTER'S HEAD-QUARTERS BULL'S EYE BILL LEARNS THAT HE AND HIS CAVALRY TROOP ARE ON THE MOVE AGAIN--

THIS TIME YOU'RE GOING TO NORTHERN CHINA, BILL-- THE CHINESE HAVE INVITED THE AMERICANS TO JOIN THEM THERE.

HEY, PANCHO-- WE'RE LEAVING FOR THE NORTH OF CHINA.

WE'LL MAKE IT **HOT** FOR THOSE JAPS, EH, BEEL?

SOME TIME LATER, THE AMERICANS REACH THEIR DESTINATION ON THE FAR NORTHERN FRONT.

I AM GLAD YOU HAVE COME TO FIGHT WITH US, CAPTAIN.

ME TOO, COL. NEE.

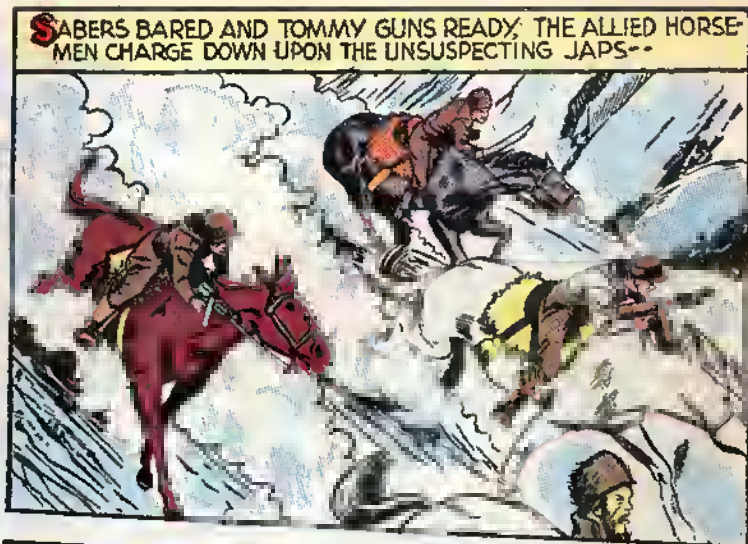
BOTH OF US SHOULD LEARN SOME NEW TRICKS, SIR!

THE BOYS WILL CHEER WHEN THE WAR IS WON
IF YOU CAN SAY, "MY JOB'S WELL DONE!"



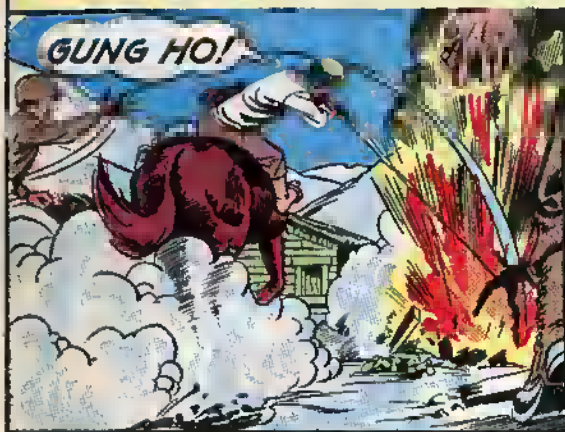
UP AHEAD IS A VILLAGE
OCCUPIED BY
JAPANESE
INFANTRY--

WELL, LET'S
TAKE IT
BACK!

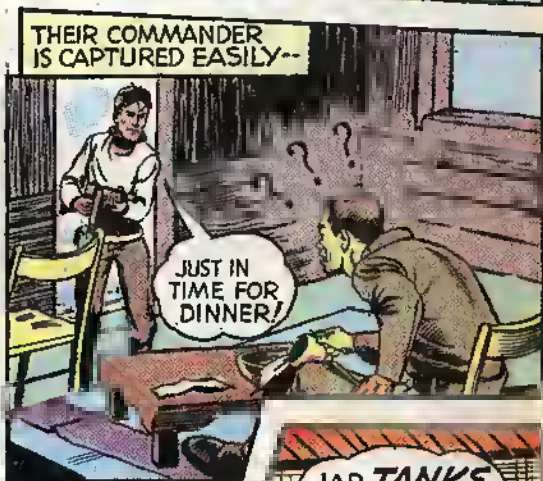


SABERS BARED AND TOMMY GUNS READY, THE ALLIED HORSE
MEN CHARGE DOWN UPON THE UNSUSPECTING JAPS--

CAUGHT BY SURPRISE, THE JAPS ARE OVERWHELMED



GUNG HO!



THEIR COMMANDER
IS CAPTURED EASILY--

JUST IN
TIME FOR
DINNER!



..AND THE SURVIVORS RETREAT
TO THE HILLS

THE JAPS ARE
FAST **RUNNERS**,
YANKEE--

WE'LL KEEP
THEM IN
PRACTICE,
CHAN!



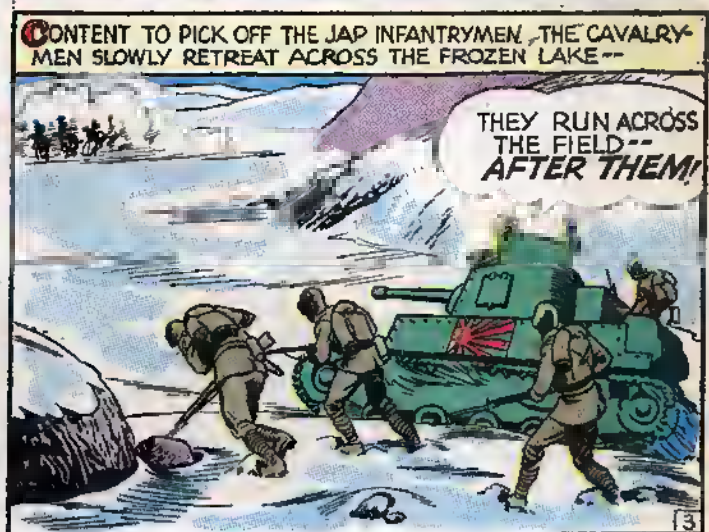
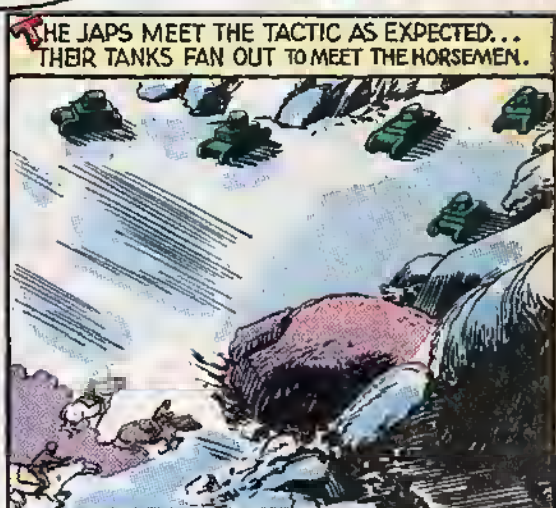
THE JAPS
WILL BE BACK WITH
A STRONGER
FORCE--

LET'S BE READY
FOR THEM,
THEN--



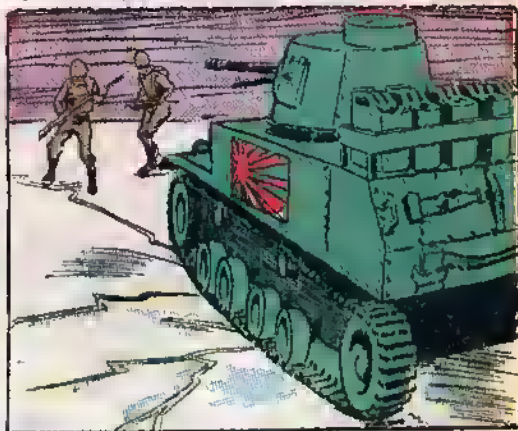
JAP **TANKS**
ARE COMING--

WE EXPECTED
THEM TO RETURN,
BUT NOT WITH
TANKS--

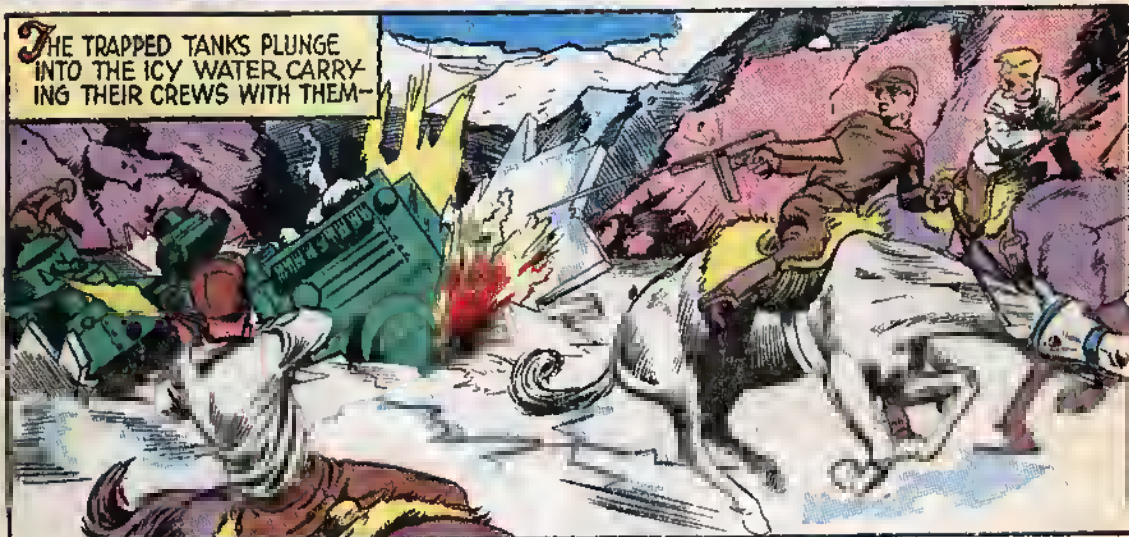




IT WILL... THE WEIGHT OF THE TANK IS CRACKING THE FROZEN SURFACE OF THE LAKE —



THE TRAPPED TANKS PLUNGE INTO THE ICY WATER CARRYING THEIR CREWS WITH THEM—

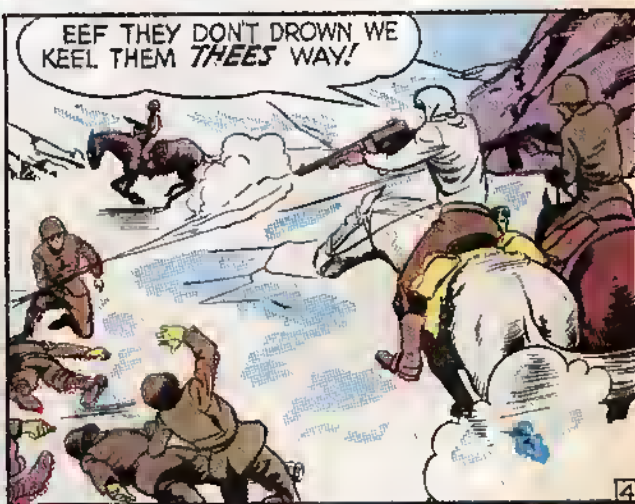


PANCHO, TAKE SOME OF OUR BOYS AND FLANK THE JAPS--

I'LL BRING SOME OF MY MEN THE OTHER WAY--



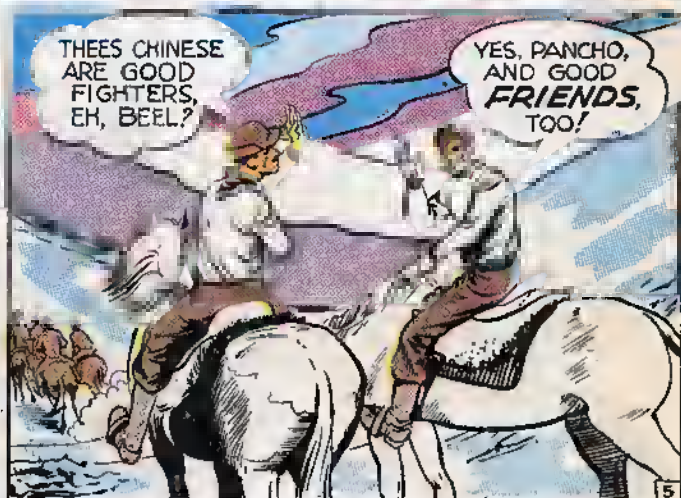
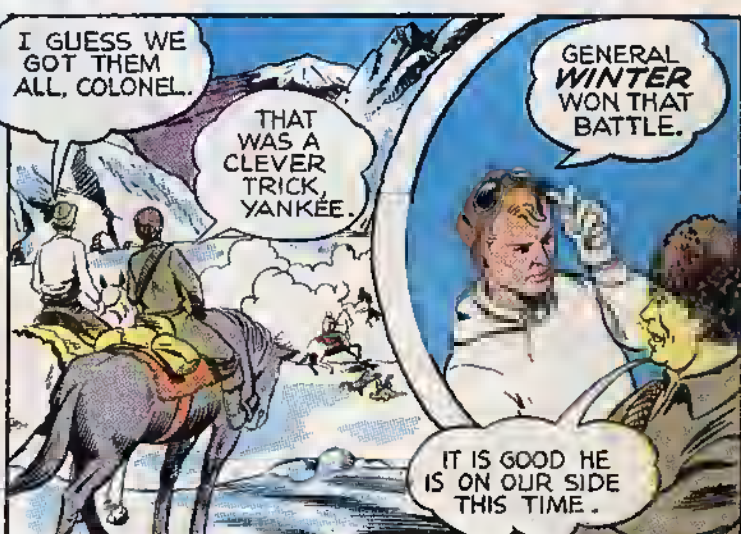
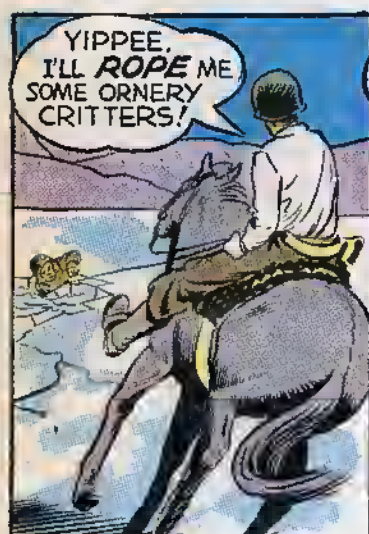
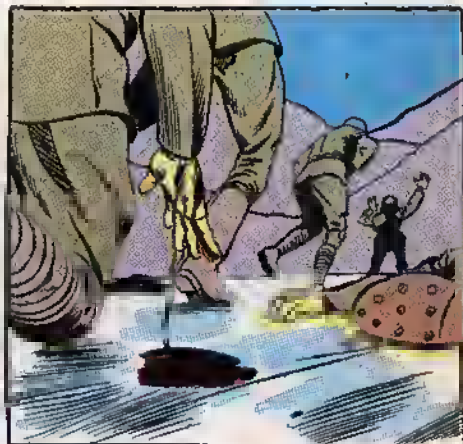
EEF THEY DONT DROWN WE KEEL THEM THEES WAY!

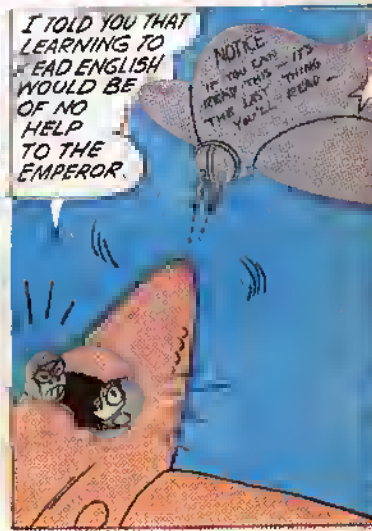
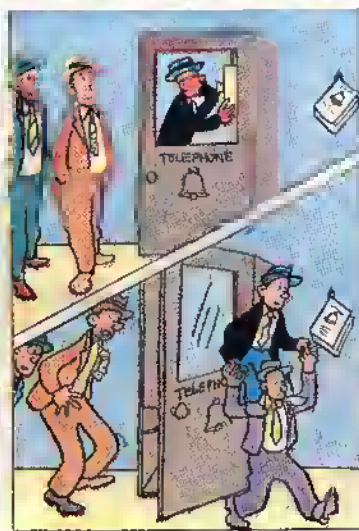
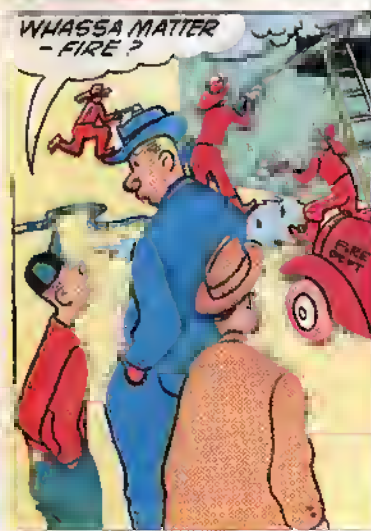
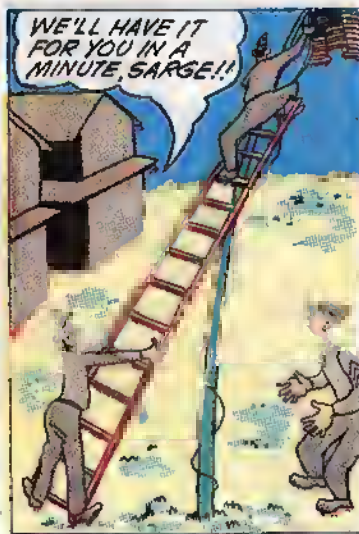


QUESTION No. 12. Why is Bill wearing sun glasses?



THE REMNANTS OF THE JAP FORCE ARE MOPPED UP AS THEY FLEE--





PETE STOCKBRIDGE

The CHAMELEON



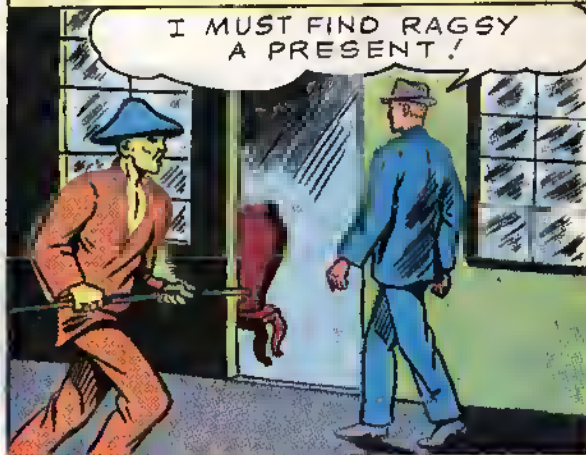
PETE RELAXES IN HIS ROOM AT THE HOTEL CONTINENTAL, CHUNGKING.

GOOD OLD RAGSY - A LETTER EVERY WEEK! HA! HA! I'D LIKE TO HAVE SEEN HIM TRYING TO MOVE A HUNDRED TONS OF WASTE PAPER!

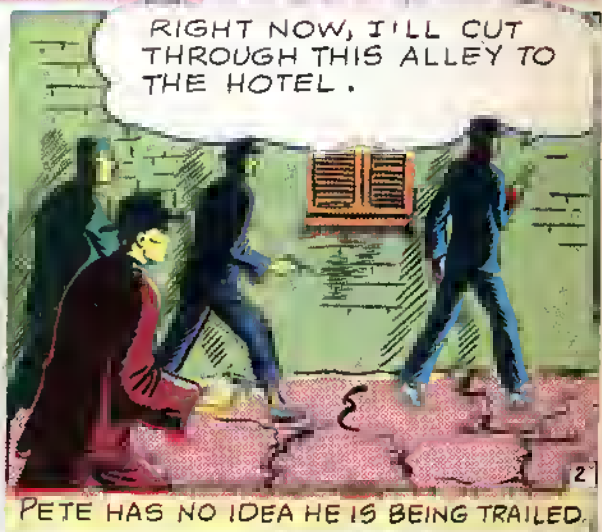
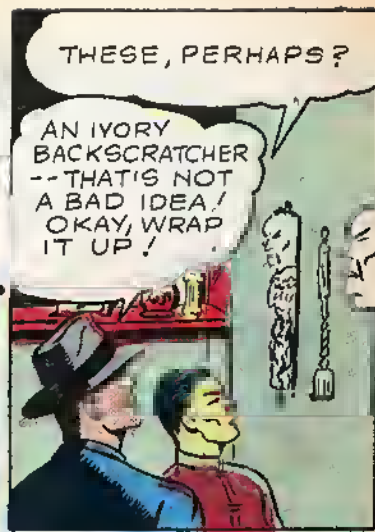


LATER, AS CHAMELEON STROLLS THROUGH THE NATIVE QUARTER --

I MUST FIND RAGSY A PRESENT!



READING & WRITING & 'RITHMETIC
HELP WIN THE WAR EXTRA QUICK.



SUDDENLY, IN THE DARKNESS OF THE ALLEY - - -

QUIETLY!

HEY!

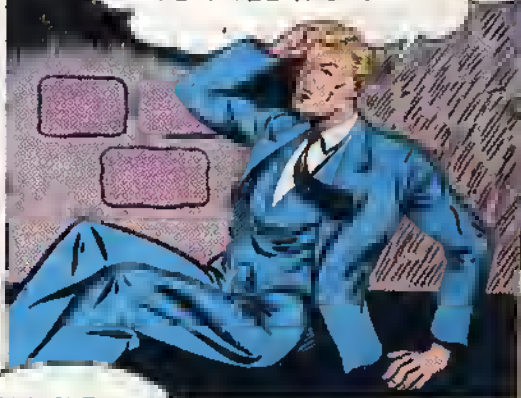


THE SILENT ATTACKERS GRAB THE BACKSCRATCHER AND RUN!



LATER--

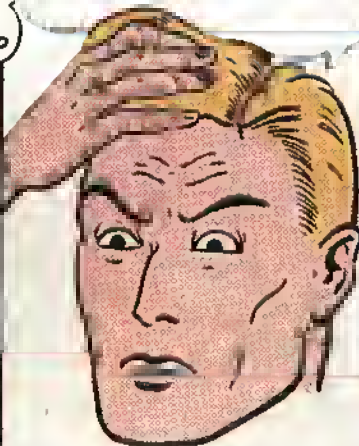
WOW-OW! WHAT HIT ME! THANK HEAVENS THEY DIDN'T WANT TO KILL ME!



WONDER WHAT THEY DID WANT? MY WALLET'S STILL -- HEY, WHERE'S RAGSY'S PRESENT?



SO THAT'S WHAT THEY WERE AFTER! BUT WHY?

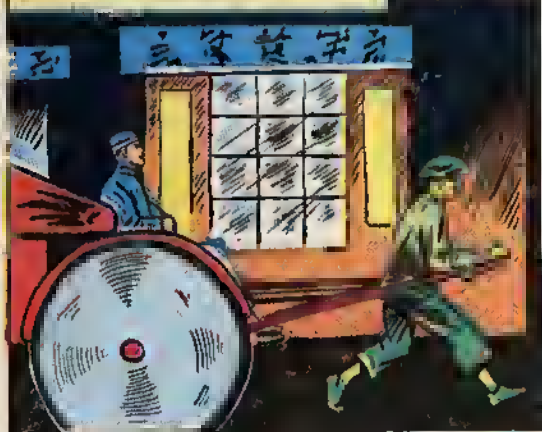


MAYBE CHAMELEON SHOULD LOOK INTO THIS! THE WHOLE THING IS SO WHACKY, IT'S SUSPICIOUS!



PETE RETURNS TO HIS HOTEL - - -

MUCH LATER, CHAMELEON - DISGUISED AS A WEALTHY MANDARIN - RETURNS TO THE CURIO SHOP.



AS HE ENTERS - - -

WELL, I'LL BE HANGED! THAT OLD COOT IS PUTTING MY BACKSCRATCHER UP FOR SALE AGAIN!



HM -- THE CLERK LOOKS AS THOUGH HE'S JUST HAD A GOOD BAWLING OUT!

THANK YOU - I SEEK A PIECE OF JADE!

IS THE -- UH, I SEEK A NOVELTY FOR MY YOUNG DAUGHTER!

AH-H -- YES! THAT BACKSCRATCHER... THE CARVINGS WILL AMUSE HER!

YES, SIR?

WE HAVE MANY THINGS, MU-KOW!

A WISE CHOICE!

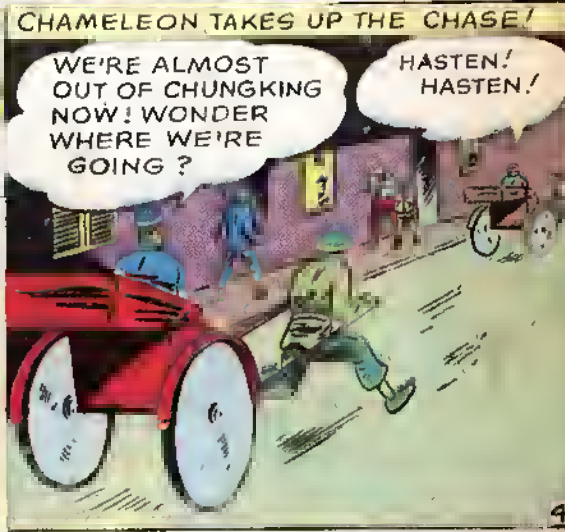
THANK YOU! GOOD DAY!

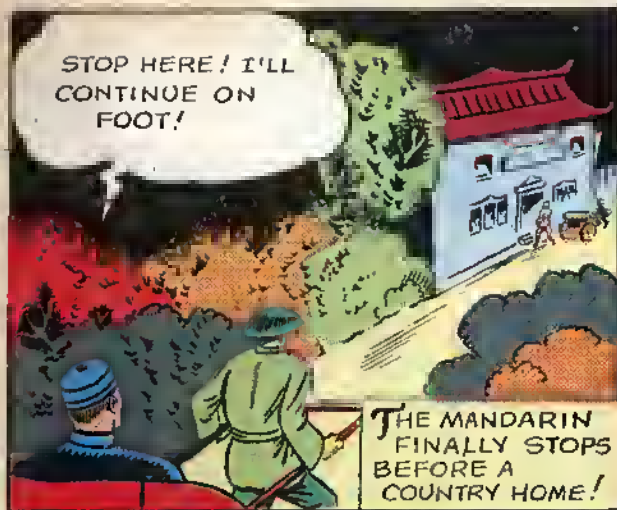
SOMETHING DARNED FISHY ABOUT ALL THIS! I'M GOING TO FOLLOW OLD MU-KOW!

CHAMELEON TAKES UP THE CHASE!

WE'RE ALMOST OUT OF CHUNGKING NOW! WONDER WHERE WE'RE GOING?

HASTEN! HASTEN!





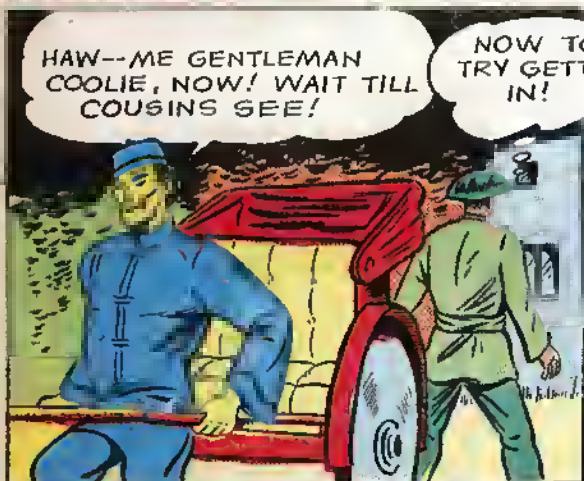
STOP HERE! I'LL
CONTINUE ON
FOOT!

THE MANDARIN
FINALLY STOPS
BEFORE A
COUNTRY HOME!



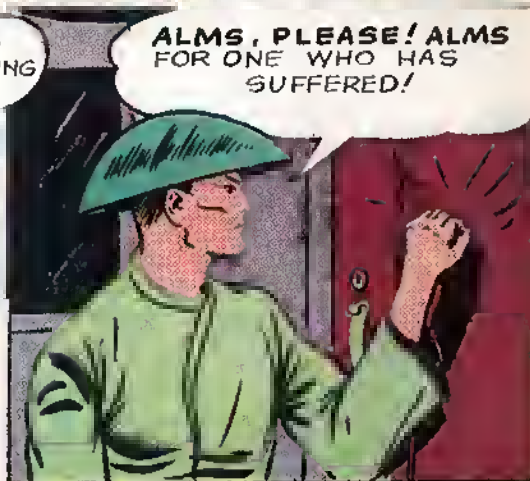
HOW ABOUT CHANGING
CLOTHES WITH ME --
FOR THIS?

MUCH
MONEY!!
BE GLAD
TO!



HAW--ME GENTLEMAN
COOLIE, NOW! WAIT TILL
COUSINS SEE!

NOW TO
TRY GETTING
IN!



ALMS, PLEASE! ALMS
FOR ONE WHO HAS
SUFFERED!



GO AWAY -- DO NOT
FOUL THIS DOOR--
STEP WITH YOUR
UNCLEAN
PRESENCE!

BUT I
ASK ONLY--



WELL! SOME RECEPTION!
BUT -- THAT SERVANT
TALKS MORE LIKE
A JAP THAN A
CHINAMAN!



THAT MEANS
I'D BETTER GO
INSIDE AND
INVESTIGATE!

DEEP INSIDE THE MUSTY CELLAR, PETE FINDS A WELL - STOCKED ARSENAL!

HMM-- QUITE A PARTY THESE BOYS PLAN!



I WONDER HOW THEY'D LIKE A LITTLE PREVIEW?



ADVANCING CAUTIOUSLY ACROSS THE ROOM --

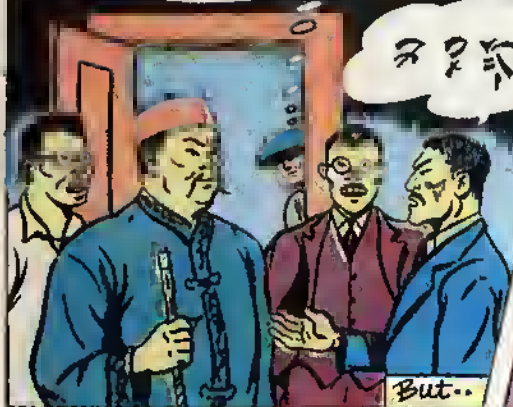
HA! THEY ARE JAPS! WISH THEY HAD HIROHITO WITH THEM!

アハハハ



ALMOST AS GOOD -- THERE'S MY BACKSCRATCHER!

アハハハ



But..

--BEHIND CHAMELEON...

WISH I COULD UNDERSTAND JAP -- UH-OH! SOMEONE HAS SQUEAKY SHOES!



NEXT TIME, OIL YOUR HINGES, BUDDY!

AYEEE!



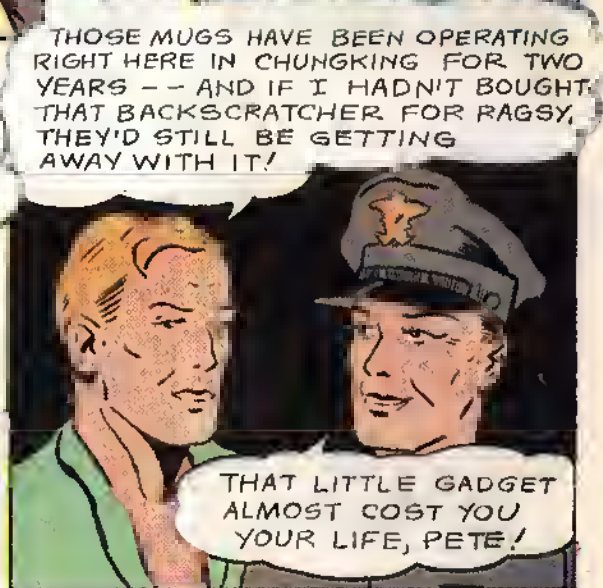
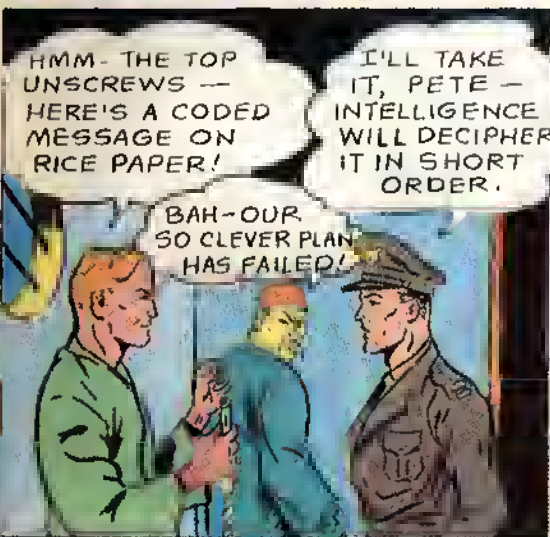
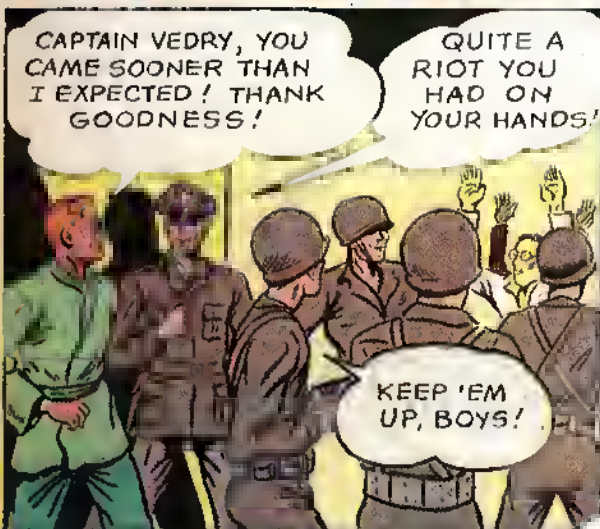
GUN FIRE! WHAT IS?

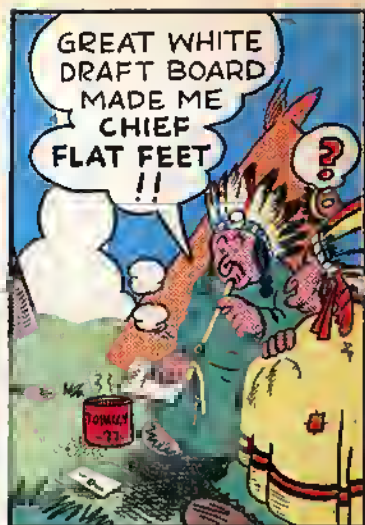
A RAID!



THE JAPS CHARGE OUT INTO THE HALLWAY - FULLY ARMED!

QUESTION No. 16. Can you find the error on this page?





"Make Me Prove . . . I CAN MAKE YOU COMMANDO -TOUGH

inside and out . . . in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

soys **George F. Jowett**

whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British
armies knocking over and beating every man with their fists,
powerful bodies. Let me show you how in double quick
time I can put the art of your body—your muscles! And
Add inside in your chest! Grow your muscles! And
power-pack the art of your body—your muscles! And
you! My methods can give you the winning endurance of a
champion. I have done it for thousands of men. Give
me a fighting chance to do it for you.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which
I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned
to die to the holder of more strength records than any
other living thinker or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven
its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world.
And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no
matter how feeble or puny you are I can do the same for you
right in your own home. Through my proven recipe I bring
to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully
satisfied you are the man you want to be. **MY TIME TESTED
METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.**

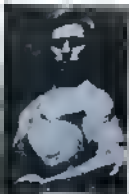
PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

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that will surge through your muscles.

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



A. PASSAMONT, Jowett pupil
winner of the 1924 Olympic
gold medal in the 100m dash.



REX FERRIS, Champion
Strength Athlete of South Africa.
Says he, "I owe everything to
Jowett's method. Look at this
chest—this is the value of
the Jowett Course!"

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This amazing book has guided thousands of
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photos of miracle men of might and muscle
who started perhaps weaker than you are.
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strength that inspired his pupils to follow
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SPECK SPOT & SIS HAMMER* 5

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(DAVID T. MARKE) TEXT 2

DAN'L FLANNEL SCHROTER 6

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